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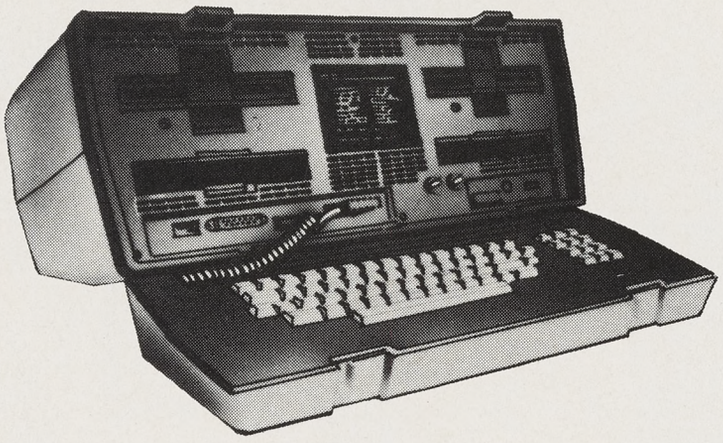

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UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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TWO OF RODS—Sign of achievement
EIGHT OF RODS—Acceleration in your affairs; movement
EIGHT OF CUPS—Search for deeper meaning in life
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On Being Human— Thinking Makes It So.

"I belong to myself only insofar as I create, as I create myself," wrote the French existentialist Gabriel Marcel. The ability to create—that is, to think—is what separates man from dog and rock. It helps that we walk erect, have fingers and live well beyond the years of most creatures, but it is thinking, in all its forms, which accounts for the wonder of being human.

Thinking is the perpetual creation in which we all take part. As Aristotle maintained over two millennia ago, to know an object is to "become" that object, to grasp its essence in the mind. We are still the only animals which can do this: recreate the external reality within ourselves. All other animals only sense and react to the world. We form the world a second time in our heads; by thinking things, we give them another life, a second creation, within the private universe of our thoughts.

In this way, we are all creators. We were not meant to crawl about in the earth like so many worms, burrowing our isolated ways through mounds of rote facts and mundane figures, for this involves only the banal activities of the brain. We are rather to fly far above the clouds of ungrounded thought, gliding on the capricious currents of imagination.

Far too often we forget this. We stop with learning and memorizing, thereby starving our minds of the fantasy and wonder it craves. It is this striving toward the infinite and the immortal which marks the human spirit. It is only when we allow our reach to exceed our grasp, as the English poet Robert Browning wrote, that we feel vigorously alive.

In its baser forms, this drive shows itself in avarice and an obsession with power and success— in all the finitudes which can never satisfy us. In its purest forms, this metaphysical need becomes a searching and a longing for what the German philosopher Immanuel Kant called the noumena—the nonobjectified reality; that which cannot be sensed and thereby known empirically, but can only be thought.

By denying or inhibiting this yearning, we necessarily place ourselves alongside snakes and snails—living things which eat, sleep, copulate and die without ever dreaming or loving or aspiring to be more than what they already are. The body, after all, is merely an instrument of the mind, something used by the mind to extend its creative powers.

If not through these higher forms of thinking, what then separates man from ape? What then are knowledge and wisdom if not unending pursuits, never-satiated cravings to understand more about the tactile world and beyond? And what accounts for love but a desire to share oneself intellectually, emotionally and sensually with a fellow participant in this quest for fulfillment?

In this issue of the ***University Magazine***, we set out to explore creativity and fantasy and the relation between the two. And what more appropriate place to begin our study than with love—that boundless something which is both the most creative act of human existence and the one about which exist the most numerous and most vivid fantasies? Our other main feature is a profile/interview of speculative-fiction writer Harlan Ellison, a man whose life is spent in the spheres of fantasy and creativity. You will also find a piece on how to unleash the creativity within you, another on the fantasy-fix appeal of theme parks, and a guide of where to realize your fantasies in Southern California. An entire section is devoted to video games and computers in which we asked, "Are they stiflers of creativity or do they allow for fantastical explorations of new realms?"

Finally, in our untraditional-fiction piece, you will encounter a blurring of actor and spectator, subject and object, real and imagined, power and weakness. On one level, the work serves as a metaphor for the business of creativity itself in which dualities merge, and artist and art are one with life. As English novelist and dramatist William Somerset Maugham insisted, "There is nothing but art. Art is living."

Let us all be knowers and lovers and creators in life's art by first being thinkers. Aristotle defined a man as that which thinks and a good man as that which thinks well. How many of us can say we are men, much less good men?

—Heidi M. Ziolkowski
Editor

RELEASING THE CREATIVITY WITHIN YOU

BY
BRIAN STRASMANN AND HAZEL MATTHEWS

Unlock that box. Open up those dark recesses, the viscus brain folds which harbor creative thought. There's no monopoly on creativity, no rationing of imagination.

Books, films paintings, musical compositions—even Mom's dinner table on Thanksgiving—begin as ideas. Some theorize that their inspirations are chemically induced electrical charges occurring within the brain. What is known is that everyone possesses an innate ability to create. The trick is exercising it—finding that key to creativity.

It's easy to come home and plop down in front of the old boob tube after a long day of work or study. But then, Bang! Another evening gone. And nothing really accomplished.

Finding that key demands that you meet certain conditions. But first, let's look at the process itself.

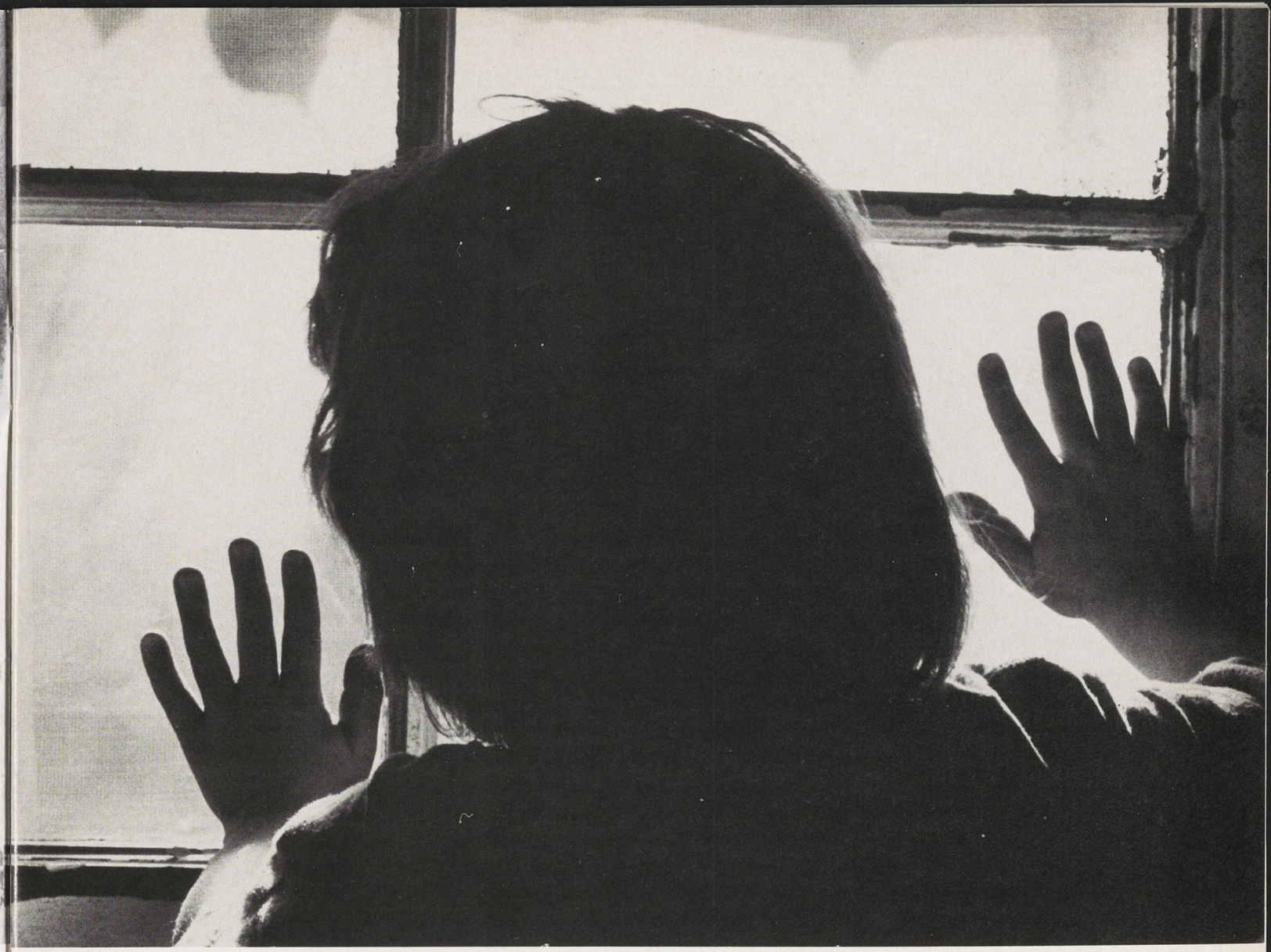
Psychiatrist Albert Rothenberg applied the concept of Janusian Thinking in his 1966 study of creativity. Basing his theory upon the Roman god Janus, whose multiple faces were set in opposite directions, Rothenberg spent 1,665 hours interviewing creative people. "Janusian thinking consists of actively conceiving two or more opposite or antithetical concepts, ideas or images simultaneously both as existing side by side and/or as equally operative or equally true," Rothenberg explained in a ***Futurist Magazine*** article.

Quite a mouthful. Simply put, Rothenberg defines the creative thinking process as formulating multiple ideas, whether opposite or alike, at the same time. This leads to integrated concepts, images, creations. He sees Janusian thinking evident in poems, novels, plays and paintings, as well as breakthroughs in scientific thought.

Heavy, but it doesn't have to be. Insert the first key: relaxation. "Creative endeavor requires physical and mental space. Without privacy and time, it suffocates," writes Judith Groch in her book ***Right To Create.*** So sit back. Rest up for a few moments. Get ready for a little yoga. Yeah, right on the floor, in your home.

Through both the postures and exercises, blood circulates better, nourishing all parts of the body. Andre Van Lysebeth in ***Yoga Self Taught*** explains that it takes only moments to rejuvenate the body. From this rejuvenation, inspiration flows.

"Even simple breathing exercises," Van Lysebeth writes, "will eliminate your fatigue. Mental balance is re-established and you are set to work



again with a renewed will.'' All yoga requires is six square feet of space—your home, office, gym, library or lawn.

If the contortions provoke the clicks and snaps of groaning bones, don't roll up your mat yet. Meditation is an extension of yoga, and some say it helps release creativity by admitting one into a higher consciousness. ''In active meditation one melds mind and body, tapping into energy sources within your own nature and channeling that throughout,'' says Stan Smith, a teacher at the Actualism Wholistic Health Center in Costa Mesa.

Dennis Gregory, an actor and Poet of the Shire at the Renaissance Faire held in Agoura, California, and in Marin County in Northern California, believes Transcendental Meditation is next to surfing in its magical quality. Gregory once visited the Maharishi University in Plainfield, Iowa, for four days. He said that there was a beautiful dome of peace over the whole university—''it was so peaceful you could recall volumes of things in your mind.'' Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, in ***The Science of Being and Art of Living,*** describes TM as a technique that develops full mental potential—one component of which is the development of a creative potential.

That is an Eastern approach. A Western one splits the brain in two and provides another key to unlocking creativity.

Dr. Betty Edwards, who teaches Art 100, Introduction to Studio Art for non-majors at CSULB, and also lectures around the country, helps students draw better through a recognition of split-brain functions. The concept grew out of studies done by Psychologist Roger W. Sperry in the 1960s. Sperry's group discovered that both hemispheres of the brain have higher cognitive functions—the ability of knowing in the broadest sense. But the two halves process information in different ways, and can function independent from one another.

Edwards, applying Sperry's studies, describes in her book ***Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain,*** as well as in her classes, the artist's psyche-shift into the alternate processing of visual information. The shift involves a move from verbal, analytical processing, to that of spatial and perceptual processing.

continued on page 36

Reflections on the Illusions of Love

Sharon Bhatti
Laura Lang

We are a society in transition—searching for new answers while clinging to old ones. We are a lonely, self-indulgent and consuming lot looking for love in a culture that tells us it can be had for a bottle of breath freshener or a pair of designer jeans. Many of us have elaborate and detailed fantasies about the right partner or relationship. From college campuses to single's bars, religious gatherings to rock concerts, we pursue would-be partners as hunters stalking big game on a safari. We literally fall all over ourselves in this quest—sometimes licking past wounds, other times cocky and assured—but we are ever ready, ever optimistic that love is out there just waiting to guarantee companionship, fulfill fantasies and warm our beds.

Since mankind started recording its history and illusions, more has been written, sung, cried, praised, lamented and ballyhooed about love than most of us care to remember. Like a spectrum of diffused light, its expression is so assorted, its essence so varied, that it defies simple definition.

If love is a myth, it is an ancient one—part of the baggage we have lugged with us through the centuries. And if love is merely a fantasy, it certainly keeps the mind entertained—all the loose and colored images of sex and passion, eros and pathos, fused together to our delight and undoing. Shakespeare called love a kind of insanity:

CALLIGRAPHY BY BONNIE MC INTOSH

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE CRABTREE

> Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.

But rest assured, if madness, the dementia is universal.

Our search for love begins very early in life and through the years our subconscious fantasies are nurtured and shaped. These fantasies can act as guidelines for our needs or as prods to renew hope after disappointments, but they can also be misleading, not to mention damaging. Children often grow up to emulate parents who were not happy, just as some of us find ourselves in similar disappointing relationships again and again.

It might be easy to find the right mate, if we could tap into our more reliable fantasies—our true inner voices. But many times barriers exist that deform our desires. We need to recognize that fantasies are not absolute and immutable, but are pliable, best molded into our changing life styles and desires.

Some psychologists explain love between men and women as stemming from a desire to reunit the masculine and feminine poles of our psyche. This idea slips out in the very beginning of our literature when God fashioned Eve from Adam's rib—one body divided in two. But we are not necessarily searching for our opposites. We are all part male, part female, sharing many hormones and desires. We see men loving men and men loving women. We see women loving women and women loving men. It is the love that binds us together, not the shape or manner of our relationships. We revel in the headiness and thrill of infatuation which can sober into more thoughtful lasting bonds.

So we look for new lovers as we do new cars.

Or so the ideal goes. More and more, these pairs untangle themselves unwinding their shared years as if they were tattered yarn. Divorce runs rampant and we are told we suffer from some sort of moral amnesia.

Sylvia Lane, a soft-spoken psychotherapist and marriage counselor, said most of our problems arise from the expectations and fantasies we bring into a relationship. With the script already written, we are unable to communicate our needs. Taught by our families and churches, influenced by the movies we see and ads that besiege us, we have rigid ideas about what the "good" relationship should be. Lane sees some of the predominant myths embodied in such notions as "If you love me, I'll always be first in your life" or "If you love me, you will always be willing to sacrifice your needs for mine."

Lane does believe, however, that fantasies are important in starting a relationship and in building a strong marriage because they conquer feelings of loneliness and inadequacy. Through the use of such methods as hypnosis, accupressure and imagery, she attempts to reach back into childhood conditioning to solve fantasy-related problems. "When the fantasy and reality cannot be brought together in the mind of the individual, something has to change," she warns. He or she has to modify the fantasy or else let go of one's present situation and continue to look for someone who can fulfill the fantasy. In this way, fantasy and reality comingle, promising a more aware vision of love. Fantasies are not just fleeting whims; they are deeply rooted needs which should surface in reality.

Buffeting our already ailing psyches are out-dated and entrapping roles. We often run from these conflicts rather than face up to them. Many men not only want beauty, mystery and sex appeal, but a bread-winner and a mother for their children. Nor are women's expectations any less demanding. They seek a handsome, tender lover who, besides providing, cooks, cleans and does the windows.

In this visual fast-paced society, we are bombarded with hawker's images. Expertly packaged products lead us to believe that we can have anything: love, glamour and prestige without any more effort than a product purchase.

So we look for new lovers as we do new cars. Sex appeal has become the prerequisite to happiness. We look for the flashing white teeth we saw in the ad, or the slim-hipped model whose jeans we wear with a sliver less grace and a bit more bulge. "These fantasies are based on the adolescent body," Lane said. Unfortunately we cannot all fit into the Madison Avenue mold.

Instead we sell ourselves in such magazines as Los Angeles-based *Intro*, which claims to be the "single source for single people." Businessmen, professionals, students and homemakers are listed in this publication, all related by their desire to find a successful relationship. The descriptions submitted range from a serious lawyer looking for an intelligent and philosophical woman, to a divorced man searching for a fun-loving no-strings-attached live-in young lady who also cleans house. The ads use catchy phrases such as "Would you be interested in tall, blonde and handsome?" or "I'm mature yet playful . . . ."

Intro provides a showcase for people willing to gamble on what world-renowned psychoanalyst Erich Fromm terms a "personality package" in *The Art of Loving*. Fromm says today's automated society has changed the way we look for our mates. Everything we need is prepackaged and sold to us—even love. We tend to appraise people as we do competing labels at the store. We are attracted by the bright colors and flashy packaging,

but are often disappointed by the product inside.

We turn to computers hoping to find the perfectly matched mate. Or we can even buy our companionship for upwards of $50 an hour from escort services. An executive at one service explained that it saved people the embarrassment of having to come single to social functions. It is also used extensively by older people who wanted to travel, but had no one to keep them company, he explained.

There is something rather tragic about our society. We have begun to look at ourselves as bundles of goods and services. And according to Fromm, those who do pair up "form an alliance of two against the world, and this egoism, *a deux,* is mistaken for love."

Can we honestly call our perpetual chase and mate, love?

"Tis better to have loved and lost.
than never to have loved at all," Tennyson wrote.
"Tis better to have loved and lost
than never to have lost at all," Samuel Butler parodied.

We can't help but smile; it's a game we've all lost at.

We desire relationships, but often waiting down the path is a vision of rejection.

Perhaps we need to refocus our societal image of love. Drooling over a nice physique is in our nature. We are sexual beings, and we appreciate beauty in all its external shapes and forms. But sexuality and love are two different things. They may go hand in hand, but love reaches much farther and requires much more of us.

Love is a decision, an act of free will. It is an ability best described as "art" by Fromm. It is not a commodity or an item of barter. We don't "fall" in love like Alice fell in the rabbit hole. We choose to jump, if we will.

Culture wields great power over our attempts at romance. We should study our society in more detail and perhaps look to the East for guidance. Although our society believes implicitly in free will, subconscious manipulation of our fantasies and cultural pressures mold an unrealistic ideal of a love partner—one who may well be impossible to find.

In Eastern cultures, free choice often yields to arranged marriages, but love survives. It is a decision, reinforced by tolerance, an Eastern man explained. "Often we have never met the person we will marry. There is no preliminary checking to see if we are compatible. Love is there, that is all."

Few of us would stand for an arranged marriage, but we could stand a lesson or two in the unconditional nature of loving. If two people like pizza, it is not grounds for a lasting relationship. A much deeper decision is required. Only in this way can we jump off the sexual treadmill. Many enjoy the dating game—lots of action and excitement, but when one stops playing and begins a search for love, this can be a haunting illusion: love sought with so many strangers, who cease to be strangers, who become lovers, who cease to be intriguing, who become strangers again.

There are some general approaches offered by many counselors and psychologists that attempt to build our capacity for love. Oft-riddled and cliched as "me generation" thinking, Lane, for one, feels there is a serious need for personal autonomy. "In terms of marriage, I feel the predominant myth that causes problems is the myth of creating one person out of two," she says. Before any unity can be shared between two people, Lane explained, a strong sense of self must exist. This allows us the courage to find what we desire and it implies responsibility and choice.

Lane encourages the use of fantasy and dream in molding our relationships. "I feel we create reality from what we dream." If we understand love, the use of positive symbolism and imagery directed at loved ones can deepen our ability to connect with friends, family and lovers, she believes.

Dr. Norbert Glasser, a Long Beach clinical psychiatrist, cites studies that show we are unable to function normally without loved ones. This does not mean love can only be reached through marraige. This institution has become a catch-all problem solver society has imposed on us, Glasser says. We should put societal demands in the background and concentrate on our needs and those of our love partner. We also need to relax the hold of traditional roles. In these unsettled and mutable times, it will take courage to discover means by which we can live rich compatible lives. One way is feeling empathy for another. There is a subtle kind of evolution taking place. Men are learning to soften, to express fantasies and expose vulnerabilities. Women are abandoning their passive roles, taking chances and developing skills that influence our lives daily. "All of us carry the seeds of anxieties left over from childhood, but the determination to live with others in close and loving harmony can overcome all the obstacles, provided we have learned to integrate the differences," Anais Nin writes in her essay, "In Favor of the Sensitive Man."

It may indeed be difficult and painful, but all growth involves change fashioned of tears and sweat. If we can practice Fromm's "art of loving," we may have a chance to love fully: ". . . anyone who aspires to become a master in this art must begin by practicing discipline concentration, and patience throughout every phase of his life," Fromm tells us. That seems as good a starting place as any, since love—be it madness, myth or fantasy—is apparently with us to stay.

CALIFORNIA DAYDREAMIN'

Ah, fantasies. Those flights of the imagination that take us away from the here-and-now to simpler times and exotic climes and transport us from the just-get-by to the just suppose . . .

Alas! The realm of fantasy in our lives is pretty much confined to musings in supermarket check-out lines, daydreams during a boring lecture or pipe dreams on our boss's time. We know that in reality you can't step through the mirror or sail over the rainbow, right? Wrong.

As a special holiday gift to our readers, *University Magazine* offers this guide to ten Southland realize-your-fantasy escapes, or, depending on your penchant for involvement, escapades. While not comprehensive—after all, fantasies are as individual and as varied as shells upon the shore—it does offer a little something for every taste. Each subject was personally explored by its author. Investigative reporting at its most enjoyable.

So give yourself a post-finals pre-holiday gift—the gift of fantasy come true.

BOUND FOR GORY

Don't let the innocuous, rough-sawn lumber facade fool you. The Stockaid at 2947 Broadway in Long Beach, dealers in fine leather goods, can whip you right into the fantasy world of S & M erotica.

Scott, a short blond in jackboots and black leather vest, seems a helpful salesperson for the bondage-minded individual. He claims to know the utility of a "ball stretcher," the nuance of an "oriental swing," the inherent beauty of a "master's dress harness," the therapeutic benefits of the "meat tenderizer," the pleasure divined from the "spread-eagle bar," the satisfaction that comes from a "string-of-pearls" jerk.

Yes, all of these items and more are available to browsers at the Stockaid, which maintains two dressing rooms, furnished with a porcelain throne and viewing mirror. There's also a twelve-by-twelve "back room" where no one under 18 is admitted."

From pegboard walls hang every article of confinement imaginable: assorted body harnesses; a standard array of restraints—cuffs, collars, leg and arm ties; paddles (leather-skinned body-beaters, smaller muscle-mutilators even the floppy, flesh-tearing, nail-embedded "meat tenderizer"), whips like the "Cat-O-Nine Tails" or the raw-hide six-footer; or the leather, fleece-lined blinders, phallic-shaped gags, and love-handle belts. (either the ordinary buckle type or the deluxe hand-cuff model).

Dave Stanger, an ex-hardhat turned designer-craftsman, makes all the leather products in an adjacent production shop. He doesn't deal in ready-to-wear. It's all on a custom basis. His most expensive creation was a coco-brown leather suit that served as a fashion entry at a leather bar affair. The eight-piece ensemble featured bikini briefs and harness, chaps and vest, arm and wrist bands, graced by a cute little collar and cap. It was such a smash that the model bought it on the spot. However, Dave is quick to note that, "Brown is out, black is in."

The Stockaid welcomes custom orders—Dave will entertain most any suggestion but adds that those orders ***are*** expensive. Open 12-9, Monday through Saturday.

—Sharon Bhatti
—Don Gloor
—Brock Yancey

MAGIC ISLAND

The golden, sapphire-eyed cobra beckons, mouth gaping, as members enter Newport Beach's Magic Island for an evening of fantasy and illusion.

When the hieroglyphic-backed membership card is placed in the serpent's mouth, a door slips open and the odyssey begins. Inside the elevator, darkness falls and thunder roars. Tossed from side to side, one seemingly falls thousands of feet to a magical underworld. A booming voice breaks the storm: "Welcome mortals, to the Elevator of Osiris. I am Otis, the ancient Egyptian elevator god. You do believe in magic don't you?"

When the impeccably coiffed and suited members leave the magic elevator, they are properly enchanted and expectant for what President and "Chief Wizard" Michael Callie hopes will be an evening that "knocks your socks off."

Indeed Magic Island is more—much more—than any of the first-class clubs Orange County boasts of. Just a little over a year old, this $3.5 million private club in affluent Lido Marina

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE LEW

Village is an adventure into the realm of illusion.

Each party is catered to by a tuxedo-suited beauty who will appear and disappear throughout the evening, bringing cocktails and hor d'oeuvres. While strolling magicians perform card tricks at the tables, palm readers and numerologists await along the tunneled corridors. Conjurers and entertainers perform in the 55-seat Çleopatra's Chamber and 100-seat Palace of Tutankhamen Theater. Small groups can be found in Cheop's Sanctum or the Gallery of Rameses.

If one is caught in the occassional traffic jam between shows, the interior design is enough to enchant a wandering mind. The beautiful Egyptian-Victorian decor features trompe l'oeil patterned walls and facsimiles of ancient Egyptian artifacts. There is also a gallery of magical paraphenalia behind two huge glass cases, and two 3000-year-old sarcophagi, on loan from a member, grace a darkened passage way.

Callie, the 38-year-old bearded, flamboyant entrepreneur, seized upon the idea: "We decided it should be Egyptian because that's where magic began, and it should be Victorian too, because that's where magic really became legitimized. Before that," he explained, "magic was always done in carnivals. It was almost considered a black art, but in Victorian England magicians got into the parlors, and the idea of the parlor magician was born. They put on tuxedos and entertained the gentle-men and gentle ladies."

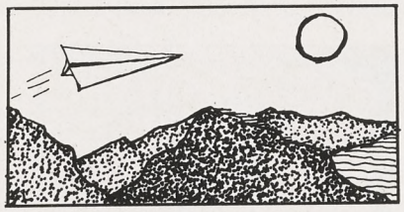
Magic Island is a private club with membership fees running $1500 for an individual to $2500 and $3500 for corporations. Callie said most of the club's business is generated by members who bestow guest passes on friends and associates.

The club, at 3505 Via Oporto, Newport Beach, is open seven days a week and adheres to a strict formal dress code. Minors are allowed only on Sunday for brunch and certain "special family" nights.

—Sharon Bhatti

GLIDING: HIGH FLY FANTASY

One wing tilted to the sky and the tip of the other wing resting on the ground, looking like some gigantic crippled bird, a sailplane is poised on the runway. The glider is lined up behind and attached by a tow line to the tow plane. The tow plane starts forward, dragging the glider behind. They lift, mount the air and in that instant the glider is transformed from an ungainly cripple into a thing of



graceful beauty. It is a challenging feat to keep the glider aligned directly behind the plane, making the ascent more efficient and less turbulent.

At last the desired 4,000 feet elevation is reached. The tow line is released. Now it is gliding on the air-free, riding the wind. The stillness is broken only by the wind whistling by the windows. The secret now is use the wind rather than be at its mercy; circling, banking right and left, looking for air currents that lift you to the clouds, all help to lengthen the ride.

This kind of flying is as different from powered flight as sailing is from power boating. It is as close as man has come to the soar and swoop of a bird. And this adventure of soaring with eagles is only an hour and a half away.

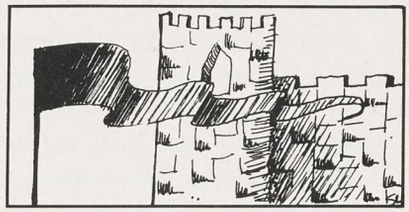
Take the 91 Freeway east to Highway 15, south on 15 to Perris. Follow the signs to the airport. The Orange County Soaring Association offers rides with qualified instructors for about $18 per ride. Glider pilot instruction is also available.

—Gary Benoit

SOCIETY FOR CREATIVE ANACHRONISM, INC.

Friends fond of Malory, Tolkien, adventure fiction and fantasy, can hit the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. (SCA). Living theatre of the middle ages, 1000 AD to 1650, the Society is a non-profit international historical organization.

Various kingdoms are ruled by a king and queen who are elected in trial by combat. The Kingdom of Caid, Southern California and south of Bakersfield, is geographically divided



into baronies or subdivisions called kantons.Another fairly large unit is a shire which is not ruled by the baron but by the kingdom's bureaucracy. The King and Queen of Caid reign six months. Combat for successors are in April and September each year.

Three types of events comprise the SCA's activities—fighting, non-fighting, and banquets. Warfare can be on a one-to-one basis or in pitched melee. Fighters use rattan swords, a flexible bamboo-like wood, and they may end up bruised not broken. At the end of the day someone wins. Often a prize is awarded or recognition for a winner's lady—she may be crowned Queen of Love and Beauty. Non-fighting events are coronations, queen's arts teas, and competitions which could be art displays, music or cooking. Banquets are conducted in the style of the middle ages and usually have a theme.

Tournaments are held in large parks somewhere in the Southland, such as the Valentine's tourney held in Balboa Park in San Diego last

February. Pavilions, colorful banners and costumed individuals catch the observer's eye—and immediately one is whisked into the world of King Arthur's Round Table and the magic of Merlin. Not only are the costumes and surroundings replicas of the middle ages, the participants through a hierarchy of nobility and heraldry foster the romantic concepts of chivalry, courtesy and honor.

Since its concept in Berkeley fifteen years ago, the Society now possesses a network of guilds and colleges in arts crafts and sciences. There are classes in armor-making, archery, baking, brewing, caligraphy, cooking, costuming, poetry, astrology, alchemy and magic to name a few. A novice to the SCA could participate in anything he or she was interested in provided it was done during the midle ages.

According to a fighter in Heatherwine Shire (Pomona) for a beginner, a suit of armour and weapons or a costume could range from $5 to several thousand, depending on the person's taste and involvement.

If you are interested in joining the SCA or request more information write to: Lady Jayme O'Darcy, c/o Maxine Pauling, 3630 South J Street, Oxnard, CA 93030.

—Hazel Matthews

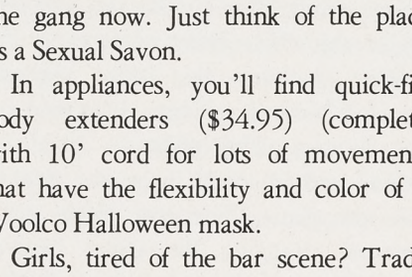
SEXCITEMENT FOR SALE

Come one, come all—brave and bashful—to your nearby Adult Book Store. S-E-X for sale. Trenchcoats not required. An ABS (Adult Book Store) is a real eye-opener and an alternate prescription for those who have become too settled in the cushy campus scene.

Since city councils do their best to separate sin and suburbia, you'll have to go some for this sexual safari. where row after row of wheel salesmen market cars and mobile homes, where spiritual readers give hope and bars give comfort, where pedestrians, dressed in a faded thriftstore mix of print and plaid, stare at nothing—and somebody's Grandma bends to drop a wrinkled Pepsi can into a Mervyn's bag.

Forget that you once drove by tisking at the small building with the red wide-brushed promises and the blacked-out windows. You're one of the gang now. Just think of the place as a Sexual Savon.

- In appliances, you'll find quick-fix body extenders ($34.95) (complete with 10' cord for lots of movement) that have the flexibility and color of a Woolco Halloween mask.
- Girls, tired of the bar scene? Trade in the whole lot for a fully warranted, all inflatable "Big John" doll. ($21.95).
- Feel good all over with lotions and



potions and props like joy jellies, vice spices and edible undies.

- Perk up bedtime reading with sagas of girls making good by going bad ($3 & up).
- Some adult book stores offer a back movie room where, for two-bits, you can watch well-endowed principles in orgasmic bliss.

Vice is nice but expensive. Magazines start at $7 each. Super-duper packages of three cost $35. Titles and covers leave nothing to the imagination. The fleshy tangle would challenge the gymnastic ability of Cathy Rigby and Kurt Thomas.

ABS proprietors insist their inventory is an effective antidote for crimes of passion. Interesting cast of characters, both on and off the screen, guaranteed.

Local Shop: Mr.R's
17 Locust Ave.
Long Beach, CA
435-1818

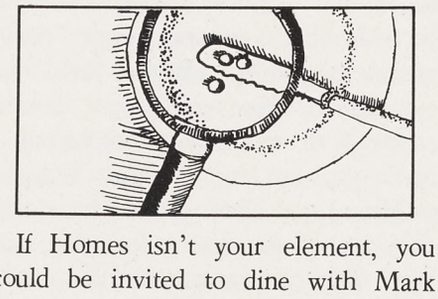
—Kathy Nash

AN ALIMENTARY ADVENTURE

Doctor Watson's handwritten invitation arrived in plenty of time to re-read *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* On behalf of Sherlock Holmes, it announced, you are invited to dinner and an evening of matching wits with the master himself.

You deduced you were at the proper location by the address above the door: 221-B Baker Street. Newsboys outside the restaurant hawked their Strand magazines. A detective from Scotland Yard was waiting to question you.

The case for the evening was presented to you as you enter and are led to your table. As the evening progressed, clues were ferreted out and by the end of the evening perhaps you or another guest has solved the mystery—along with Mr. Holmes. Or your case may have been determining which of the several Sherlocks on hand was the genuine master. The guests must not only solve the crime but study each actor's clothing, manners, and speech to determine who was the actual Sherlock.



If Homes isn't your element, you could be invited to dine with Mark Twain and Lillie Langtry back in the Gold Rush days. Watch Mark matching stories with Jack London or rubbing elows with such millionaires of the day as Leland Stanford and railroad tycoon Baron Charles Crocker. You might even be mistaken for a millionaire by a wild-eyed gold miner, fresh down from the hills, hoping to find a wealthy businessman willing to stake his grub.

Other adventures could include a Charles Dickens Holiday Din-

ner, the Annual Victorian Ball, a Mystery Weekend at a Romantic Hotel, or a Ride on the Christmas Train and Brunch.

Membership in the Pickwick Club is $5.00 for a single or $9.50 for a double membership. The actual evening excursions can range from $20 to $85 per person, depending on the event, the menu, and the locale.

For more information write to The Pickwick Club at P.O. Box 162 Laguna Beach, CA 92652. Telephone numbers are: (714) 494-4116, or you may leave a message at (800) 472-4387 (California only).

—Penny Harrell

HOOKED ON FLOATING

Ease into the warm waters. Close the hatch. Darkness envelops you as your weightless body bobs softly in the confines of the tank. Muscles loosen and the mind opens as thoughts are left to wander.

Floating is a two-part experience. Part one begins by actually floating one hour in a tank 4' x 4' x 8' which contains 10 inches of body temperature water saturated with 800 pounds of epsom salts. Air is circulated in the tank, making breathing easy, and the door or hatch can be open, partly closed or closed. The person floating controls the situation. Some individuals fear floating for the first time—fear the darkness, claustrophobia, lack of air. The surroundings in the floating establishments are peaceful and attractively designed to allay your apprehensions. Tanks are in private rooms which contain showers, toiletries and towels. As you lay down in the water your body feels as though it is lifted up on a cloud, and gradually all sensation disappears except for your breathing.

Part two occurs after the float. Some of the experiences of floaters are the relaxation of facial muscles, looking ten years younger, sexual arousement, an alertness and keeness of mind, easy laughter and often a love of life.

Where to float in greater Los Angeles:

Samadhi, 8621 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, (213) 652-3892, phone for an appointment. Hours 10:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. Monday through Saturday. First float $20, subsequent floats $15, $10 for students during the day. Specials: 5 one-hour sessions $65, 10 for $115 and 25 for $225.

Altered States, Hollywood. (213) 854-4497, phone for appointment. Open 7 days a week, 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. Basic rate $20 for first visit,

$15 for second. Student rate before 4 p.m. $10 for one person 2 or 3 in a group $9 each, group of 4, $8 each. Student rate extended to faculty and administration. Often have two for-one specials. Music is available in tank.

Floating World, 17280 Newhope St., Suite 12 and 13, Fountain Valley, (714) 545-1440. Hours 3:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday. Phone for appointment. First one-hour float $20, $15 subsequent floats. $9 for students. Special packages available.

Float to Relax, 1000 Bristol St. and Jamboree, Newport Beach, (714) 752-1608. Phone for appointment. Hours 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Monday through Saturday. First float $20, $15 for second, third and sixth are 1/2 price and 10 percent student discount. The tenth float is free.

—By Hazel Matthews

FALLING FOR FUN

Why would anyone want to jump out of a perfectly good airplane? The fact is, most wouldn't. After all, flying into the wild blue yonder and falling through it are two different things. There are thrill seekers, however, who thrive on such fantastic adventure.

By taking the Riverside freeway east to highway 15 south into the small town of Perris, (about one-and-a-half hours from Long Beach) you can experience falling. At the Perris airport, licensed instructors put you through a five-hour training course designed to teach you the proper skydiving techniques. The course costs about $85 and includes your first jump and equipment.

Modified DC-3s and small Cessnas are the planes used for taking jumpers up. Minutes after takeoff, the designated altitude of 3000 feet is reached. Suddenly an instructor shouts over the drone of the plane engines, "prepare to jump." A nylon rope is clipped from each parachute to a cable fastened to the plane. It's called a static line and its purpose is to

open the parachute automatically a few seconds after you jump. At least five jumps must be made before you're allowed to freefall and manually open your chute.

"At the door," is yelled out and it's time for the knees to buckle as you realize, this is it. Outside the door is a beautiful aerial view of the surrounding countryside, from 3000 feet up.

"Stand ready!" comes the next command. And then, "GO!" What seems like minutes is merely

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Theme Parks For a Quick Fantasy Fix

BY NINA SIHLER

Uptight? Nervous? Irritable? Are your spirits sagging as fast as the economy? Don't despair; relief from life's vicissitudes is as close as the nearest theme-style amusement park. In theme parks you spell relief F-A-N-T-A-S-Y. Neatly packaged, easily digested and relatively inexpensive, it works wonders. Truly a medicine of remarkable powers, fantasy allows the mind's eye to travel through a clean, pure, predictable world.

Theme parks provide a cocoon-like insulation from the harshness of the outside world and guarantee uniformity of attitudes and behavior. Parks charging a single admission allow you to experience a world that doesn't seem so money-conscious. Here you escape society's control and structure only to have them replaced by the park's calculated casualness.

The environment in most theme parks is "storyboarded." This means your movements have been anticipated and your progression from one experience to another carefully thought out. Attractions, restaurants and stores are strategically placed to reduce congestion and maximize per-capita spending. Park planners scatter restaurants and stores throughout the theme areas. Likewise, performances in different areas of the park are scheduled for the same times.

Even the energy level of park guests can be regulated by the placement of high-energy and low-energy, or "fall-out," zones, explained Ed Soto, assistant art director at Knott's Berry Farm in Buena Park. High-energy areas are designed to pick up the pace. Thrill rides, eateries and entertainment do this. In contrast, low-energy areas are more restful and less congested, featuring shops or grassy seating areas.

The degree of control, of course, varies from park to park. Soto, a former Disneyland employee, explained that Knott's Berry Farm is much more "unzoned" than Disneyland because it grew in a less structured way. Disneyland was originally born as one thought, not as a series of afterthoughts. Because Knott's has a somewhat more relaxed sense of structure, visitors are encouraged to seek out and explore exhibits. Unlike Disneyland, where there are so many diversions vying for your attention, you can "exhale" at Knott's, Soto said.

Both Disneyland and Knott's strive for what is called "good show" and discourage displays of "bad show." For example, if the character Snoopy is seen sitting with his headpiece off, smoking a cigarette, this would be very bad show. Life at a theme park must harmonize. Bad show contradicts the park's sense of Utopia. To minimize contradiction, close attention is paid to detail. From the genuine leather straps on Disneyland's stagecoaches to the square rusty nails used in Knott's Ghost Town, even tiny details are attended to. It is paradoxical that theme parks create illusions with well-detailed realism. Like a movie set, theme parks use props, backdrops and cinematic tricks to establish realism. Hollywood uses the concept of scaling down to make movie stars appear taller; theme parks use it to make structures appear smaller-than-life. Things built full-scale just don't have the same cozy charm, said Soto, as things that are smaller.

Environment is all-important in a theme park. In trying to develop atmosphere, park operators encourage guests to use all five senses while experiencing these simulated worlds. This is how theme parks create alternate realities. The theme idea meshes the visual, auditory and visceral perceptions. The music and costumes, designs and colors, the architec ture

ILLUSTRATION BY HANK FISCHER

and the food — all blend to create a fantasy-evoking atmosphere.

Theme parks legitimize fantasy; fantasy becomes socially acceptable. Adventures once entertained only in thought are played out. In Disneyland's Adventureland, you can vicariously become a big game hunter or recapture your childhood in Fantasyland.

Martin S. Fiebert, professor of psychology at CSULB, feels it's healthy to have and apprehend fantasies. He agrees with other psychologists who believe that daydreaming, like eating and sleeping, is a necessary part of your daily routine, and its lack can cause disturbances in your life. Fiebert feels many adults are out of touch with fantasy because they're pressured into only rational, logical thought—referred to as left-brain activity. Concern centers on the prime interest rate, the grocery bills and the annual job evaluation rather than what dreams and fantasies may be communicating about life.

At theme parks, however, fantasy rules. Fiebert feels the amusement-park experience helps relax left-brain activity and enhance right-brain activity leaving you more open to imagination. In this sense, theme parks become therapeutic, though fantasy is homogenized in order to appeal to the masses.

This is why park owners allocate vast sums of money to market research to gain insight into what visitors like, what they will eat and what they will spend. According to Harrison Price, a market analyst who worked with Walt Disney to help determine the chance of Disneyland's success, extensive research revealed the actions and attitudes of a large proportion of the population are very predictable—a claim Disneyland's success substantiates.

Even as far back as the early 1900s, park operators were predicting mass behavior and building profitable amusement parks around advertising superlatives, cotton candy and thrill rides. Early-day spectacles at Coney Island featured four-story buildings torched before the eyes of amazed audiences and old roller coasters, called "scenic railways," that traveled at reckless speeds.

Thrill rides once found at Coney Island, Dreamworld and Steeplechase Park have evolved into today's rides, safed-up by the use of computers and dressed-up to fit a particular theme. Rides today are categorized as either "thrill-oriented," those concerned with physical sensations, or "show-oriented," those concerned with visual sensations. Thrill rides gained such popularity, according to author Hal Hellman, that the decade of the 70s revealed a different kind of "arms race"—one between amusement parks to have the biggest, fastest and scariest roller coaster. Companies manufacturing them, such as Arrow-Huss Development, experienced a boom in sales. Richard Boyce, a Arrow-Huss employee, said they now build roller coasters that reach speeds of 70 mph.

In theme parks you spell relief F-A-N-T-A-S-Y. Packaged, easily digested and relatively inexpensive, it works wonders.

Why so fast? And what type of individual relishes being hurled through space at such teeth-chattering, knee-knocking speeds—or dropped from such spine-tickling, eye-watering heights?

A thrill-seeker, yes. An introvert, no. The personality profile points to an extrovert who feels something might be missing from his or her identity, Fiebert suggested. Others seek thrill rides in order to live vicariously through a seeming death-defying experience which, if real, would be fatal.

Interestingly, Fiebert feels there is a definite correlation between people who seek thrill rides and those who see horror movies. Both pursuits provide adventure with the assurance of security. Thrill rides supply threats and then disarm them, imparting a false sense of victory to the rider who leaves the ride smiling, applauding and generally feeling good about himself. Contrary to the whole idea of theme parks that take you, for the most part, into the past or the future, thrill rides force you into the here-and-now. They give you a quick physiological fix and jolt you right into the present.

What thrill rides and theme parks do not do is allow you too much participation; you are fed an experience and what enfolds is in no way under your control. You make no decisions, offer no input and become what Hellman termed a bundle of "sense receptors."

But in this world of increasingly complex computer technology, the theme park's door is open for even more realism and individual latitude. Perhaps theme parks of the future will resemble Michael Crichton's Westworld, a live-out-your-fantasy vacationland where well-heeled guests can indulge their fantasies: a sheriff of a Wild West town, a gallant knight of the Round Table or a Roman emperor complete with orgy. Interaction between human and machine has not yet reached this sophisticated a level, however, such unfettered live-out-your fantasy experiences are still only daydreams.

For now, in the theme parks' efforts to merchandise homogeneous fantasy, independent thought and imagination are suppressed. Like television, theme parks both mirror and create personal fantasies. They preconceive your fantasies and you only react to what is within that framework, which at least offers a quick, painless, emotional fix to almost everyone.

It's all true.
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INTERVIEW

Jousting With Ellison

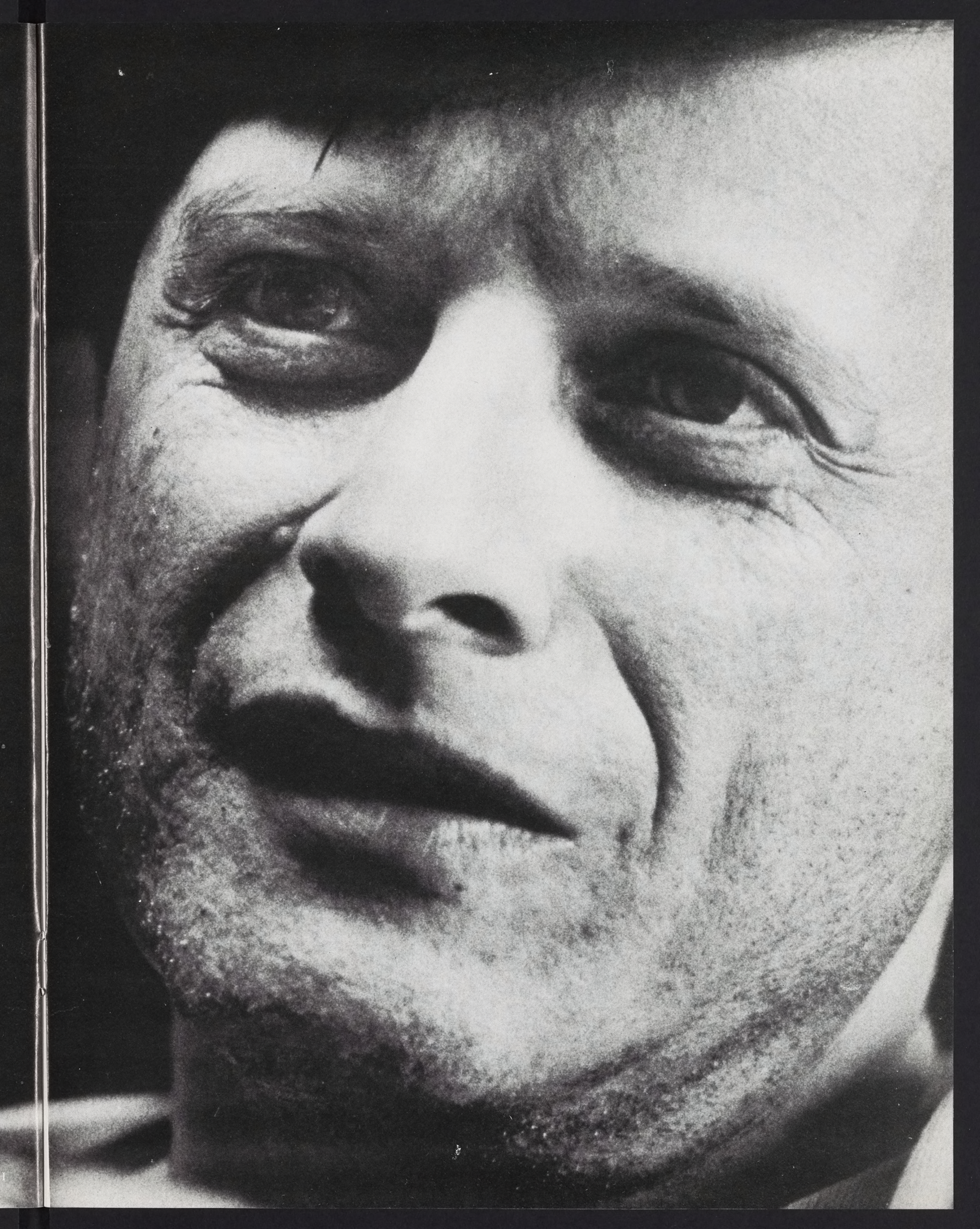
BY BROCK YANCEY

At Ohio State University, the young man who would someday become the winner of more awards for imaginative literature than any other living writer was informed by his creating-writing instructor that he had no talent. Harlan Ellison has edited magazines, created a line of quality paperbacks, written for television and motion pictures, published nearly 50 books and over 1000 magazine and newspaper stories, articles and columns. With his time stretched thinly between two current projects, a book and a screenplay, Ellison spent an afternoon meeting with University Magazine writers. This produced the following insight into that character which is Ellison.

Be on the lookout for the knight-errant of Sherman Oaks. He is 48, 5'5", and about 170 pounds. He can be recognized by his rabid diatribes against all evils, real or imagined. Harlan Ellison wields his pen as the ultimate Cervantean lance, tilting erratically at the American windmills of stupidity and bigotry. But do not let his quixotic attire mislead you; those raving columns and strange stories are not the signs of neurotic disintegration, but rather, the outgrowth of a man driven by a very particular insanity—the insanity of a dream.

To find out the nature of that dream, four of us found ourselves winding along Mulholland Drive in search of Ellisonland. It lay in an ordinary looking neighborhood, his home, a neo-modern slab and siding

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM MIRCOVICH



structure, was painted a monotonous dull brick red. The only embellishments visible from the street were an ornate wood-block front door, and those ***things mounted over the garage.***

"Thanks Debra." Debra, one of Harlan's two secretaries, let us in and we clambered up the steps from the small foyer to the living room. She smiled at us with benign indifference. We each, in turn, smiled back, hoping to hide the anxiety and expectation that boiled beneath our seeming poise. There was strength in numbers, we thought. We had one photographer, one editor, two writers, two tape recorders and at least ten questions. Jesus, why didn't we bring Mom and Dad, and Toto too?

Never mind, we were college students. Certainly, and never mind that we were about to interview a high-powered writer of renowned wit and barb; never mind that Harlan Ellison had a reputation for either eating people alive or receiving them with open arms; never mind that palms were clammy and armpits damp. I thought to myself, Self, just remain lucid, don't trip on the steps and for god-sakes ***forget*** about the ***gargoyles*** guarding the driveway.

"He'll be with you in a few minutes, just show yourselves into the ...."

Yeah, just head on in to the living room and relax. Don't wig-out over the three-foot marionette of Edgar Allen Poe. Don't crack a smile at the pedestalled, plastic sculpture of a toothy-grinned nude couple, (their red, white, and blue backdrop emblazoned with the epithet, "Stand Up and Be Counted"). Don't be uncomfortable when no one knows where or when to sit, and that the smooth, rounded, low-slung rosewood chair (next to the sculpture) looks more like a sexual tool than a living room furnishing. Don't fret that the subject of the interview just dashed from his office to his dressing room, brown bathrobe flapping across the foyer. Don't worry about your inability to recognize half of the book titles on the floor-to-ceiling wall-to-wall bookshelf. And certainly, don't be concerned with the figure storming up the steps, breathing fire and loudly demanding of the now-silent room, "How come there's four of you—I was expecting two."

Someone mumbled a feeble response, too quiet to hear, too afraid to continue. Then another staccato burst.

"How long is this going to take?"

"We had initially made arrangements for two hours, noon to —"

"We'll make it an hour. I'm under deadline and cannot afford ..."

Oh shit. While my compatriots feigned professionalism, I looked for a place to hide. This guy was gonna hurt somebody and I'd be damned if I was going down over an hour of tape with a pissed-off maniac.

Somehow, the tension subsided and Harlan, clad in a pair of blue, stretched-out, low-crotched sweat pants and a short-sleeved sweat shirt, settled into a maroon leather chair in the center of the room. He slide sideways in the chair, with his feet in the hole made by the dark-stained, wooden armrest. He sat poised, ready to pounce or parry.

I sat on the adjacent couch, still within reach of a two-step onslaught—though there was a coffee table between us. That, combined with youth and adrenaline, gave me the definite edge in a run for the front door. Also our editor, Heidi—demure, stately, polite and seemingly in control—sat to my left, closer to Harlan, the obvious victim of any possible first strike. To my right, Russ, the other writer, gingerly crouched on the rosewood climax. Satisfied with my relatively safe position, I dug in.

While Sam, the photographer, noisily fiddled with his paraphenalia, the first esoteric query limply lilted across the room, "What are you working on currently?"

"Do you mean, what am I working on personally, or professionally."

"Video games do not allow the use of imagination, they lock you in, they isolate you. And the kids that play those games are *really* isolated."

We stared dumbly at each other, until someone blurted out, "Both ... ahhh, tell us about both."

Grinning, knowing he had us by the short-hairs, Harlan began, "I'm involved in trying to get Proposition 15 passed, supporting the People for the American Way, and pushing a program called, "Life and Liberty for Those Who Believe," which is an anti-Moral Majority show. I'm also writing a film for Costa-Gavaras, that's C-O-S-T-A, hyphen G-A-V-A-R-A-S, and writing my column for the ***L.A. Weekly."***

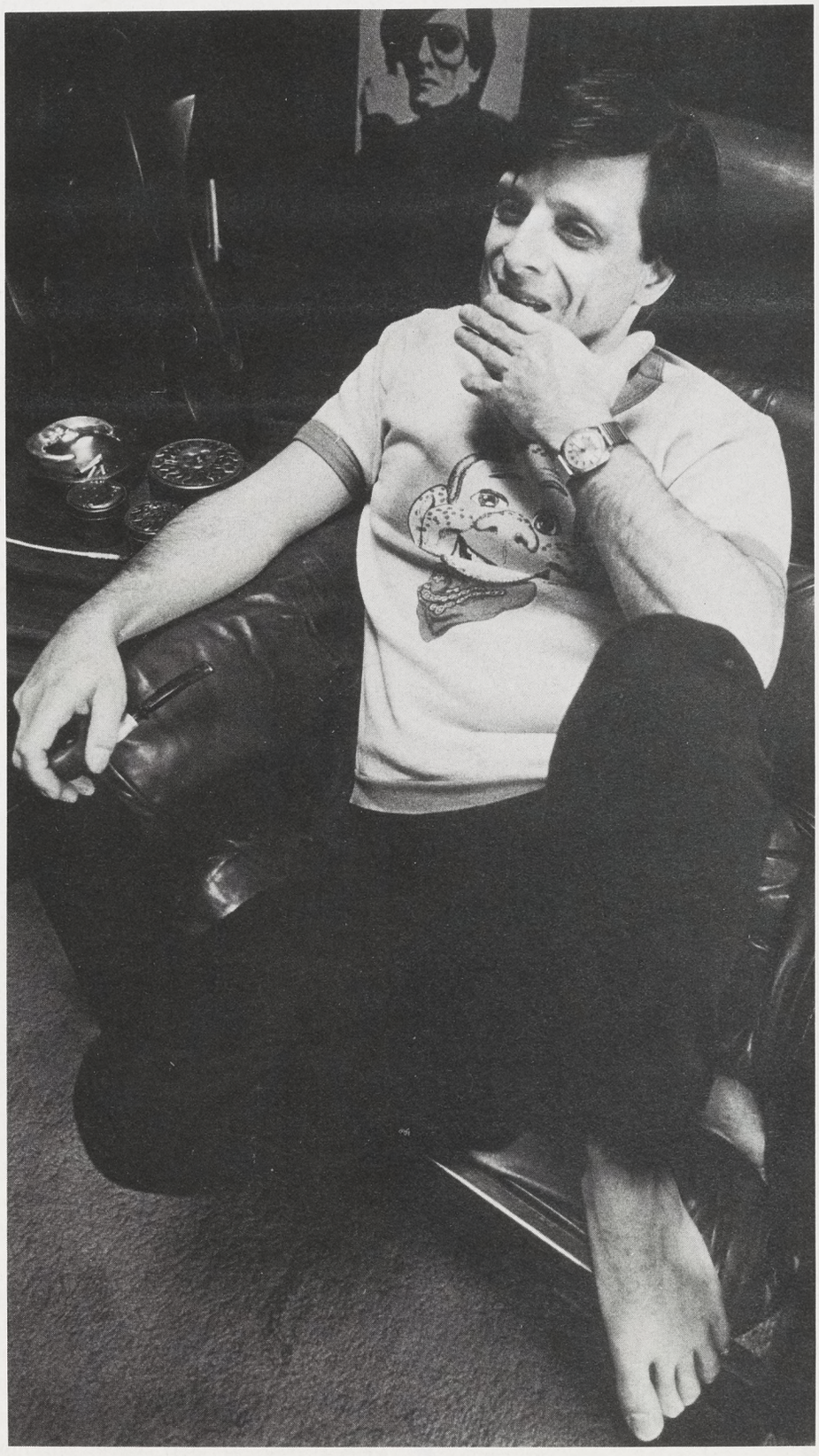
Undaunted by the spelling lesson, we pressed on. "Would you give us a brief synopsis of your film?"

"I don't do brief synopses. That's like asking Herman Melville what ***Moby Dick*** is about, and he tells you he's got a one-legged nut chasing a big fish ... It's a very complex film, basically about power ... it has to do with the good old fundamentalist loonies down south—everywhere, actually, but particularly in Orange County."

After the bit about Melville, we were down for the count. But when Harlan got started on the Moral Majority, the rueful countenance became apparent, and he lashed out to smite them instead of us.

" ... they are so filled with hubris and their own paranoid delusions that, I suspect, they will extend themselves too far. They're after dungeons and dragons, they're after Evolutionists, they're after Humanists, they're after Jews, they're after Catholics, they're after trade unions, they're after pro-abortionists, they're after feminists, they're after everybody that doesn't want to return to the world of about 2,000 B.C.

"The problem is not that they will eventually be driven back to the caves, whence they emerged, because that's bound to happen. The problem is that they will destroy a lot of people's lives in the meantime. Anita Bryant finally caved in and vanished



"We're trained to be weak. We're trained to fall into these habit patterns where we use dope, or we drink, or we gorge ourselves on shit food."

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from the public scene. Her husband divorced her, she publicly admitted that she had a terrible sex-life, was anal-retentive and that she'd always suspected that there may have been some homosexual tendencies in her make-up. This is all fine, after the fact. But how many hundreds and hundreds of lives did she destroy in the meantime. The object is to try and stop these zealots before they erode our freedoms further.''

For the duration of that monologue, Harlan's voice fever pitched, his body alternately squirmed and slammed within the confines of his chair, his face contorted and winced with the depiction of each new offence. For all the tension, torment and anger that welled from the man, it became clear that he cared. He cared enough to scream and yell and rant and rave. But still, we kept our distance. No one wanted to catch one of those barbs.

So we went for something ''safe''—politics and the new conservatism.

''What we've got is a return to the 1950s. There's this great reactionary wad, which, oddly enough is only 11% of the population. If we stood up against them, we wouldn't have to worry about it. But most people say, 'Oh well, I'm not involved in politics,' or 'I'm not interested.' God knows what they ***are*** interested in—they're interested, I suppose, in playing Pac Man, and getting loaded, and getting their 2.6 cars in their garage, and getting their taste before they get laid off.

''After the gains that were made in the sixties and early seventies, a lot of people went back to sleep. They forgot, and Nixon and Agnew had their way with us.'' At this point, his eyes rolled, his body tensed and his legs jabbed at the edge of the chair.

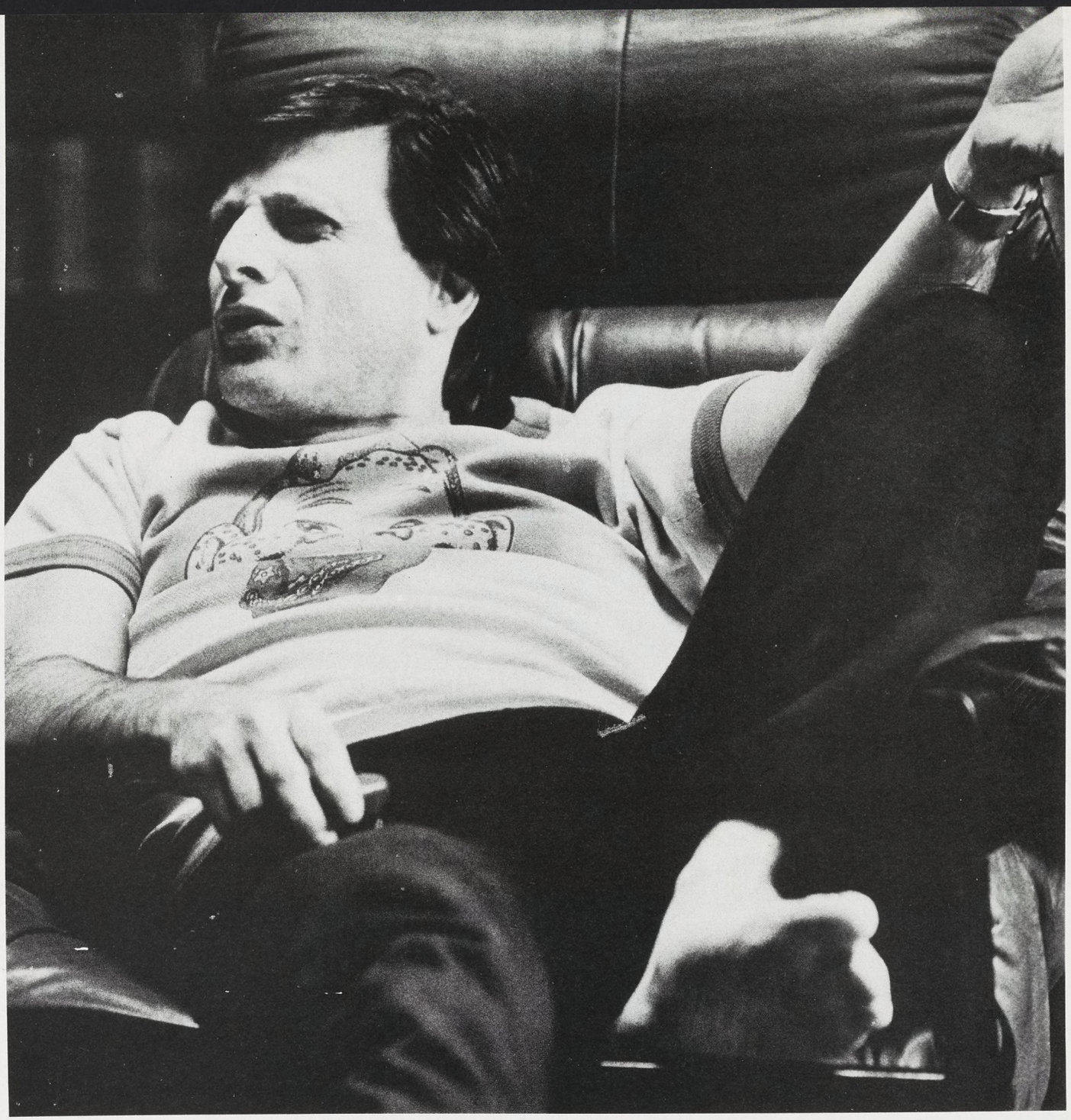
''—Nixon ... when I hear somebody saying, 'Nixon has suffered enough, the poor man,' (I grow livid). The poor man, for Christ's sake, lives the life of a multi-millionaire. He travels to China whenever he wants. He ***still*** has not been shown the depth of destructive behavior that he visited upon this country.

''I said this before on Tom Synder's 'The Tomorrow Show,' but they cut it from the West Coast broadcast. I said, 'I'd like to see Richard Nixon stand out on a little platform, right out in front of the White House—from nine to twelve, with an hour off for lunch, and then from one to five—every day. And every man, woman and child across America should be permitted to walk up and give him a slap across the mouth—except maybe a legless cripple from Vietnam, who could maybe give him a backhand, too.' The audience was so horrified at this ... 'How vindictive can you be?' Vindictive? The man ruined the country. He made us ashamed of being Americans. What crime is more punishable than that?''

What crime indeed. Harlan was on a roll. The energy that he expended lashing out at Nixon was only exceeded by the height to which he villified the man. He chopped, he ripped, he tore at the flesh of that Watergate potentate. The intensity in that 20-by 30-foot room was almost unbearable. He, also, was feeding on us. If we didn't get crushed by the pressure, we surely would have the vital essence sucked out, defenseless against the growing tirade. I quickly glanced at the door and contemplated escape.

Russ sensed that we were getting off the track, so he valiantly went where too many had gone before—''What is it about science fiction that appeals—''

''Hold the bus,'' Harlan said as he reared out of his chair, his body shaking with righteous indignation. ''Hold the bus. Understanding something, I'm ***not*** going to hit you, but just let me explain something to you. I'm not a science fiction writer; it's not that it's my whim to say that I'm not a



"No, the business of America is *not* business. Profit and loss is *not* really what people's lives should be about."

science fiction writer; I quit writing science fiction thirty years ago. When I began my career I wrote everything, science fiction, true confessions, westerns and social commentary. I had been a science fiction fan for many years and wrote that kind of stuff very well. Very shortly after I began my career, almost within a year, I was not writing that kind of stuff ... I was writing fantasies and such. But because the books could be marketed in that way, I was pushed into that category. And, for at least the first five years of my career, I didn't realize how invidious that was. When I did understand that it was going to limit my audience, I stopped allowing people to call me a science fiction writer. The fact that you say to me now, thirty years down the line, 'you're a science fiction writer, da-dee-da-dee-da,' is like when people walk up to poor Isaac Asimov and say, 'the best thing you ever wrote was "Nightfall," which was the fifth published story he ever wrote, in 1939. Here the man's been writing for fifty years and they're telling him he never wrote anything better than his fifth story."

Soaked with empathetic sweat, I watched as Russ insisted on defending himself, "If I hadn't mentioned it, you wouldn't have said all this."

"But look, by saying it and by you

putting it in the article, is like a man standing on a street corner screaming, I'm not a rapist.''

Again, braver than most sane men, Russ jumped into the breach, ''But, you must admit it is the general impression—since you're in the libraries and bookstores under science fiction.''

''It's also a general impression that Lizzie Borden killed her parents, it's also a general impression that we won the Vietnam War. There are a lot of things that are general impressions that are absolutely wrong. Like, the Battle of Bunker Hill did not occur on Bunker Hill.''

Persistent to the end, Russ replied, ''Well, this may dispell that.''

''I doubt it.''

Not wanting to bear the cold silence, and all too cognizant that I had been cowering in abject silence 'til then, I boldly stuttered something about Harlan's writing preference—column, short story, book, T.V. or film script?

''Books. Books and stories. I write well enough in films, I suppose, that I've won a number of awards, but it's not a rewarding enough medium for me. When you write a book or story, you create the whole thing—it's there. No one tells you how to write it. No one stands over your shoulder and says, 'Ah gee, we're gonna cast John Travolta in this, so would you mind making the hero not a woman, but a guy, and make him 26 or so, instead of 40 ... '. Books are a complete medium in and of themselves. The reader has to create the sight, the sound, the smell, the feel, the look, all of it—they bring their intellect to it. It enriches them and causes them to use their imagination.

''Movies do that to a certain extent, but television is absolutely worthless in that respect, it steals the imagination.'' Harlan ceased being reflective and launched, refreshed, into another charge, ''This is a known recognized fact. We've had television

"You look at Van Gogh, those colors, you're drawn into those landscapes, and you're drawn into where the sun burns out your eyes, that is high art."

with us for fifty years now, and we know what its effects are on people. We know very well that it stultifies imagination. First of all, it's not like a movie, because a movie is a reflected image and this (television) is a refracted image. Television does not work in the same way that a motion picture works, because it puts you into an alpha state. It puts you into a somnolent condition, so that you're receptive to whatever they put there—but no more. The only thing you get from a television screen is exactly what is presented, ***right there*** ... '' Harlan lit the pipe he'd been packing, sucked, and spurted again.

'' ... which is why it's so mesmerizing and why it's so powerful in political use. Because they can tell you anything and there's no way that your mind can exceed that. You have to believe what's put there; it permits no use of imagination. The same for video games. Video games do not allow the use of imagination, they lock you in, they isolate you. And the kids that play those games are ***really*** isolated.'' Jerking his face back from the camera that Sam had placed there, Harlan turned to him, ''You play those games, don't you?''

''Yeah, how'd you know?''

With a shit-eating grin Harlan simply said, ''I could tell.''

''Your criteria for judging a work of art, then, would be how much it involves the viewer?'' our editor burst in.

''Absolutely,'' came the exasperated reply. ''That's the mark of great art—how much you can involve me, how much you can include me. You look at Van Gogh, and you're drawn into those colors, you're drawn into those landscapes, where the sun burns out your eyes; that is high art. That which passes through you like that which beats through a baby's back-side, which is what most of popular art is, is nothing.

''They'll try and justify popular art by saying that it's just entertainment. The word entertainment has always meant, that which is valuable. Kafka is entertainment, Shakespeare is entertainment, Sophicles ***was*** entertainment, but not now. ***Now***, entertainment is Barbara Streisand and 'Three's Company'.'' Harlan lapsed back in his seat.

Heidi, waxing confident, said, ''Anything that is passive is not art but a drug, in other words.''

''Yeah,'' came Harlan's deadpan response.

Russ, getting back to the less esoteric, moved to television. ''Viewing television is a voluntary action, not a forced behavior. So it seems like

"Each week, I'm able to save the universe a little bit."

the viewers are crucifying themselves."

"Oh sure, we're our own worst enemy. Whenever I rant against television, there's always an apologist that will say (Harlan lapsed into a winey, high-pitched parody), 'Yeah, but there's a lot of good things on TV ... I mean 'Lear', how many millions of people are going to see King Lear, (a recent PBS production), who never saw King Lear. And, how many people are going to see MASH—MASH is good.' Yes, MASH ***is*** good. Yes, even a bad Lear is better than a segment of 'Magnum P.I.' We're not talking about that. If the human race were able to eat one potato chip, it would be cool, but we're not. Because we're basically weak. We're trained to be weak. We're trained to fall into these habit patterns where we use dope, or we drink, or we gorge ourselves on shit food, or we go to movies too much, or we watch T.V. too much. Or we do anything too much, to excess. We simply ***do not*** know how to eat one potato chip. Which is the great curse and will probably be the downfall of the human race."

Thinking I had a grip on the situation, I offered a self-serving observation, "So, what you're saying is that the extension of consumerism is the problem."

"Yeah, everything is packaged. Everything is packaged for sale, and that which cannot be sold is worthless."

"Would you extend that even further and say that capitalism is at fault?"

"The ***excess*** of capitalism is at fault." Harlan glared at me as if I hadn't been listening. "Calvin Coolidge said, 'The business of America is business,' Ronald Reagan said, 'The business of America is business.' No, the business of America is ***not*** business. Profit and loss is ***not*** really what people's lives should be about. What they should be about is making it a better world, making it a richer world, making it a comfortable world, and making it a more difficult world in a way that will challenge people to aspire to better. We come to look at ourselves, in 1982, and find loose in our midst people that poison Tylenol. Kids cannot go out on Halloween because schmucks are putting razor blades in apples. Where the justification for Richard Nixon doing what he did is, 'Well, everybody does it, he just got caught.' ***That's*** the death of morality, not what these assholes in the Moral Majority are talking about. ***Playboy*** magazine is not the death of morality, women wanting abortions is not the death of morality. It's the belief that, as long as you make a buck, everything is O.K.—***that's*** immoral."

His lance still dripping with the blood of profiteers, Tylenol-weirdos, Richard Nixon, the Moral Majority, et. al., Harlan rubbed his face as if the vigor of the friction would ease the intensity or exorcise his angst.

Heidi seized the opportunity to ask a meaningful question, "Do you think that it's necessary for a writer to be angry ... is anger essential for your writing?"

"Passion. Passion not so much as anger. Passion denotes a certain level of intensity. That's the way I work, and that's the way I go at my life, as well. I would probably have it otherwise in my personal life—I would like a lot more peace. But I've never known where to go to get it, and I'm too old to delude myself into believing that I'm ever going to find it. But I prize life—I prize doing things with it.

"This lady who just broke-up with me, was pointing out (she's a psychoanalyst) that, of the Jungian archetypes, one of the largest is the hero. She said that somewhere along the way, I must have been bitten by

> **" ... Every man, woman and child across America should be permitted to walk up and give him (Nixon) a slap across the mouth—except maybe a legless cripple from Vietnam, who could maybe give him a backhand, too."**

the Lone Ranger. Because that's one of the motivating elements of my life—to be a hero, a genuine hero. I do what I can in my own way—I write my column, and I give interviews like this, and I go around to colleges, and I make as big a pain-in-the-ass of myself as I possibly can. I make little gains each week. Each week, I'm able to save the universe a little bit. The toll that it takes, unfortunately, is in anger ... and one only has a certain amount of visceral material to spend."

"Is the parallelism between the writer and the political activist to waken people, is it to shock?" Heidi asked.

Harlan lunged in her direction. "Never shock," he boomed as he swept past her to the end table where he kept his cannister of tobacco. My eyes went wide as he flew past her to the table. For one, crazy, menacing, split-second, I thought Harlan might truly strike. At the same instance, my cowardice took over and my muscles tensed and I readied for my flight to the door. When he picked up the cannister and quietly returned to his chair, I felt the blood returning much too rapidly to my face. I looked, bashfully, at Heidi to see if she'd spied my shameful response. She hadn't. But just as I looked at her, Harlan finished lighting his pipe, "Never shock. Startle. There's a big difference." His voice rose. "When I'm at a lecture and someone from the audience says, (again the nasal-soprano parody), 'Do you like to shock?' I always feel like going out and throttling them."

Heidi ***had*** been shaken by Harlan's quick movement and raised voice. She tried to interrupt and explain herself, "Please—"

Harlan broke her off as soon as she started, "I'm not coming after you, I'm not gonna kill you, I'm not gonna hurt ya, kid. Of course, yes ... " He proceeded to answer her question.

From that point on, I listened and learned without fear. Harlan was only doing his job. Waking up that sleeping wad out there. Forcing them to react, to think. He was a guerilla fighter in the war on stupidity and bigotry, as supported by what he calls the three fallicies of American life—security, true love and lookin' good. Which, by the way, he maintains are inachievable this side of the grave.

Harlan continued that interview for two and a half hours. No small gesture for a writer as thinly spread as himself. At the conclusion of the interview, he walked us outside, under the ruse of collecting his mail. Once outside and under the vicious visage of the gargoyles, he couldn't resist making one last pass, one last charge at our sleepy ignorance. He pointed to the gargoyles and asked, "Do you know who they are?"

Shifting from foot to foot, unable to make a close guess, we gave in and admitted our stupidity. Pacing up and down the drive, Harlan was incredulous that we could not recognize the triumverate of evil that perched over his garage door. Pointing out the most malicious monster with the largest beak, Harlan said. "That's Richard Nixon. The one over there is Alexander Haig, and there, that one over there is Watt, Secretary of the Interior."

The scene of his elfin shape bounding up and down his driveway, disgusted, shaking his head, waving his arms and pointing emphatically at the neighborhood eyesores, might make some smile cynically and others send for those guys with the straightjackets. But for all the flamboyance and falderal, Harlan Ellison is a keeper of humanity's trust—truly a romantic warrior.

Mind you, I wouldn't leave my sister alone with him. But what person in their right mind would let a young innocent ride off with Don Quixote?

VIDEO GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

By Kathy Nash

Experts say there is no harm in video game fallout. But anyone whose been within twenty feet of an arcade knows better. Kids, adolescents, punks, grown men and women are paying money to look like morons in public. Faces red and contorted, they yank on a joystick like it was some sort of umbilical cord.

Humanoids meet a formidable opponent in that relentlessly accurate machine. Yes, we've come a long way from the original mechanical garbage cans...the Spocks and human spare parts of yesteryear. Step right up folks, brain for sale.

Unlike the human mind, the new artificial intelligence is small but tangible. An enlarged chip, it looks similar to a Clue board. It has enough circuitry power, say the electronic evangelists, to light up your life. This digital Savior, like a gnat in the produce department, just appeared, uninvited, blinking time from wristwatches, microwaving food lickety split, reporting human tonnage from bathroom scales. All of us who have gone through this digital rebirth might ask ourselves, "Am I better off now than I was before they installed that little meter at the freeway entrance?" "Am I better off now when I stand in the late evening chill and wait for a mechanical Orphan Annie to gulp my deposit and maybe belch out my receipt?" "Am I better off now that the bulk of my social conversation comes from telephone message machines?"

Some believe it's time to pull the plug on progress. Not since one mate rolled the tooth paste tube from the bottom and the other thumb pressured the middle of the tube has there been a home wrecker as noticeable as the chip. On one side, there's the nimble-fingered screen-oriented kids; on the other side there's Mom and Dad who must get out their owner's manual to turn on the stereo.

This silicon chip is a cruel trick on bunny-hop-generation parents who wanted to ease into old age with their twitching sciaticas and tastes for Tanqueray. Mom and Pop readied themselves for rebels without causes and teen traumas like prom night pimples and training bras, but hubba, hubba, hubba, they never expected Junior and Sis to join an electrified moonie cult that distilled whole conversations into anagrams. Good-bye talk. Hello computer yakety.

Eyes closed, stand in any arcade and you'll swear there's 964 Ruby Keelers on Dexedrine, all the singing bird ornaments they couldn't sell last Christmas, the principals of Deep Throat rehearsing, roving seals, buffaloes in heat, somebody rattling the door of a locked John and Chubby Checker warming up before a cast of thousands. Even hearing men have to use sign language.

In the good ole days, men with shivering muscles and grunts of exertion faced men, with same—that was just the guy in the bleacher seats who tested his throwing arm by hurling beer, soft drinks, liquor bottles, dead fish, live fish, rubber chickens, a fire extinguisher, knives, eggs, bats, balls, live rabbits, dead squirrels, firecrackers, rocks, apparel, newspapers, pens, pencils, seats and food.

It used to be the fan had a love affair with his sport and his team. How about Fierce Jack Pierce who arrived at the stadium with an air machine and floated a balloon everytime Cookie Lavagetto got a hit, or the Baltimore baseball fans who sent a representative to Nairobi to find a witch doctor who would cast a spell on the Red Sox, or the Dodger-loving clergymen (they believed the Big Box Seat Holder in the Sky was one of their kind) who asked the borough's residents to pray for Gil Hodges to get a hit in the 1952 World Series?

Man needs man to ignite his competitive spirit, not some electronic road runner he can short circuit with a pull of the plug. Competitive hate has been a fact of life since Marc Anthony asked Caesar to lend him his ear and declared into it, "Brutus is a pussy. For two denariuses I'd whip his gluteus maximus."

The fun is going—the fanny pats, the jumping jacks, the tip of hats, the strut so loved by every box seat. Walter Mitty screeching "Get the bums!" They collect instead at these electronic Tower of Babels. You can spot players by their flourescent tans and labotomy stares, and by the way they covet quarters. Can man match mental muscles with a pea-size circuit?

Home team, homo sapiens vs visitors—silicon chip, aka grunts, spheroids, enforcers, hulks, progs, pinky, blinky... Maybe cryobiologists should kidnap and freeze stout-hearted men like Billy Martin and Woody Hayes. At this rate, by 1990 our jock heroes will be gone and no one will ever know again the real thrill of victory or the agony of defeat.

Look Into The Shadows

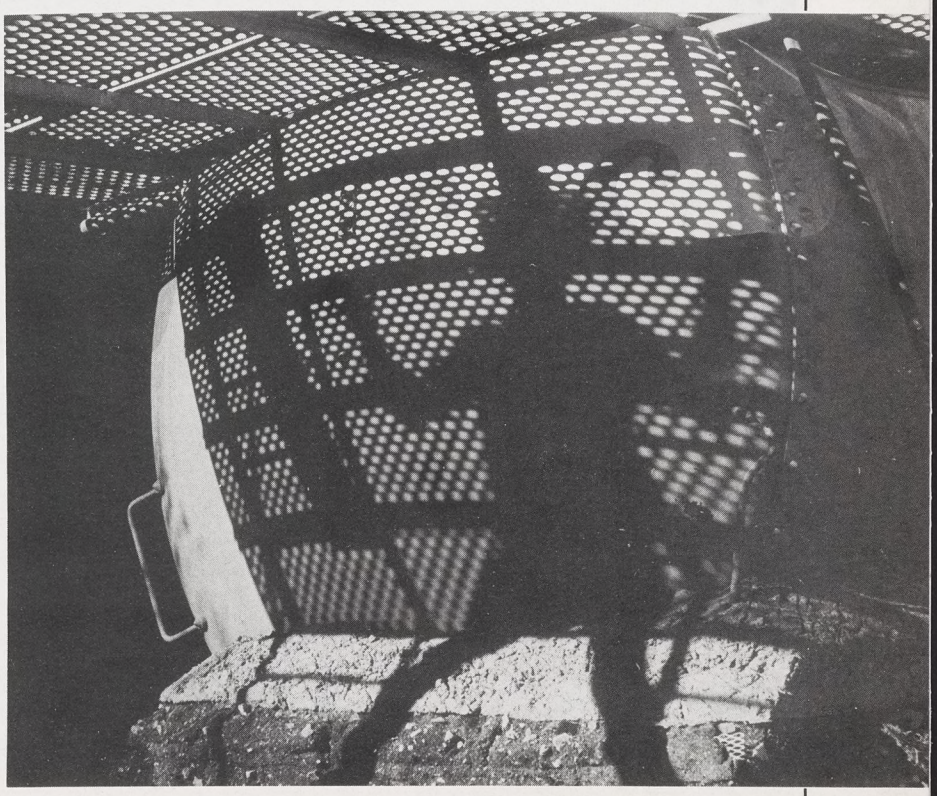
A photo essay by Michele Walton

"Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods."

—Alfred Lord Tennyson

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

—John Dryden



"Before me floats an image of man or shade,
Shade more than man, more image than a shade;
For Hades' bobbin bound in mummy-cloth
May unwind the winding path;
A mouth that has no moisture and no breath
Breathless mouths may summon;
I hail the superhuman;
I call it death-in-life and life-in-death."

—William Butler Yeats

Blood Nails Splinters

By DAVID M. FABISH

#1

Jesus Christ came through the Library doors and asked me where the bathroom was. I was wearing my Roman cuirass, but he didn't seem to notice. I looked up from my VDT and said, "Straight ahead and to your right." Christ hurried away, with that desperate look in his eye of a man about to burst his bladder or shit in his pants.

I watch them coming in and out of the Library while I sit at my desk punching the keyboard on the computer. I asked one once why he dressed the way he did... "But, but, but, you're Jesus Christ. You're supposed to wear a seamless garment. I

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBIN RICHESSON

When he walks, he is an English general, inspecting his troops, hand upon his hip, his face in a pose of dignity.

read about it in the Bible.''

He looked at me. I could smell him from across the counter, a nauseating sweet-sour smell of sweat and alcohol. His breath was worse. He said, ''Well,'' burp, fart, scratch, '' So? Where's your seamless garment, smart ass?'' Then he wobbled off. He was in no shape to walk on water that day.

#2

One of the many Jesus the Christs walks like a dandy. He walks like an English dandy, a gentleman of the Empire. His coat is too big, and his left hand is always propped up on his left hip. When he smokes, he holds the cigarette between his thumb and pointing finger. He cuts quite a figure. It is his wont to wander in and out of the lobby, out onto the court, nap in the reading room, wake and browse among the books. When he walks, he is an English general, inspecting his troops, hand upon his hip, his face in a pose of dignity.

There is, however, an uneven gait to his strut caused, no doubt, by immense volumes of alcohol and irregular and insufficient food stuffs.''I am the blood,'' he says, ''but not the body.''

For all of his nobility, he is timid. Whenever I approach him, he backs away, as if afraid of my earthly authority. He wanders off, the King of Kings.

I asked him once: if you're really Jesus Christ, why don't you get your act together?

#3

Next morning I rose like Christ from the sepulcher. I threw the covers from my naked body and stood exalted in my cleanliness. Verily, I seemed to walk on air. It was written, many years later, that my pores did not sweat, and my farts, though many, smelt as the lilies of the field.

On this resurrection morning, the rays of the sun shone not as gold, but as silver. You have seen this silvery morn manifest as beaming light, tearing down the walls of our abodes. You have traced this light by the dancing dust reflected in it. Upon this dust I walked. I did not sweat, and farted in my way.

Like the morning, so I felt. And in glory I pulled my lightest hauberk from the closet, and set to shining each armor ring of steel with an S.O.S. pad, and it shone like the blinding light of this morning. And I donned it then, and thereby (and thereof, thereto and therefore) I became the morning. And only a dagger I wore—no other weapon. The mercy of the day showed upon my countenance. But by then I was late for work. I didn't even have time for coffee.

#4

The Crab got the job because of the way he looks. He is a pleasant enough guy, a bit quiet, smells like sea food. His physical appearance is more intimidating to the Library patrons than anything he could say to them. He is about four feet tall, with a lot of scrawny, revolting-looking legs. He has one huge pincher, and a second one as small as one of his legs. Antennae flash about his face. Beady eyes stick out from it and swivel around. The word ''Crab'' is stamped on top of his shell. It is obvious to anyone with eyes to see (or nose to smell) that the Crab is a crab but someone in Administration thought some regulation required making the obvious even more so.

As a crustacean, a scavenger, a shit-eater, he is outside of, excluded from, most of the drama of the library. ''No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;'' quoth he,''Am an attendant lord, one that will do to swell a progress, start a scene or two . . . .''

In another mood he'll tell you he's the Fisherking. But he's not kosher. We keep him around to keep order and to get rid of the refuse.

In some ways, I envy the Crab. He never has to worry about armor; it grows from him naturally. I have to go through the routine day in and day out. Putting on my armor, taking it off. Light armor on hotter days, a leather jerkin on cold days. Plate armor on busy days. Swords, spears, spurs, mace and morning stars. It's a pain in the ass.

#5

I could see Mary Magdalene coming from a mile away. Books. She was carrying an armful of books. More than an armful. She was carrying more books than any single human person could humanly carry at one time. Paperback books. Romances. She came to where I was checking out books and dropped them on the counter; it bent under the weight of 1,569 paperbacks piled nearly to the ceiling. I grabbed the phone and called for help. Mary Magdalene smiled and told me that these books should keep her busy for a week. TV was stupid, she said, and she loved to read and she loved the Library and she loved nice clean romances. So once a week, she said, she came to the Library and checked out 1,569 paperback romances.

Mary Magdalene was about 5'4" and weighed about as much as the 1,569 books she carried. She wasn't beautiful to behold, some strange, spiritual beauty seemed to emanate from her ... striking— especially for a former hooker. She was not an intellectual. She was simple folk and simply loved those romances.

"After my wicked life," she told me, "I just wanted to read some nice romantic love stories. Before Christ saved me, I was a sinner. Now that I'm saved, I want to read paperback romances. They are so good ... no violence ... no sex ... no rapturous love ... no frenzied encounters ... no endless passion ... no brutal conquests ... no pining longings ... no fiery embraces ... no primitive urges ... no shameless desire ... no frenzied embraces ...."

"You said that already," I interrupted.

"No I didn't. I said *no frenzied encounters* and *no fiery embraces. Frenzied embraces* is something altogether different."

The books checked out, she smiled, her cheeks dimpling into huge grinning wedges. She wished me a happy rest of my life (this was the first day of it) and said she would be back next week for more lovely romances.

#6

I watch them. Maybe four or five hundred Jesus Christs come through those doors each day. There are all kinds of Christs. Most of them—those who spend most of their time here—live close by, in the park, in the flophouse hotels, in the Mission. Many of them are incoherent to the world, to our world, anyway. Maybe that's what makes them Christs. They seem to be caught in the past somewhere— when they were young and in love or in a war or hanging on some cross by the wayside. The regulars stink. Some stink so bad the smell of their passing lingers five minutes after they are gone. I never smile at the ones who smell that bad. I can't. I try not to breathe when they are close to me. I don't want their whisky-laden Holy Breath to enter my lungs.

Four or five hundred. And that's not counting the Madonnas, the Mary Magdalenes, the Apostles and Disciples and Philosphers. One guy insists we call him the Lord Jehovah. We have our share of Buddhas, Zeuses, Shivas, black-militant Mohammeds— Christs every one. And they aren't just derelicts. Sadducees and Pharisees use the Library too. Chaiphas came in just the other day. Pilate spends a lot of time in the bathroom (he says he's just washing his hands, but we have our doubts). I've seen one Father of the Nation and I caught a glimpse of the Mother Goddess. The Crab threw her out for indecent exposure.

One guy insists we call him the Lord Jehovah. We have our share of Buddhas, Zeuses, Shivas, Mohammeds —Christs every one.

#7

I was helping someone else when she walked up to the counter and interrupted me.

"I'll be with you when I'm finished here," I said curtly. From the corner of my eye, I could see her fuming, readying her speech, sharpening her strategy.

She was an elderly Christ. Her hair was dyed purple and lacquered to a metallic sheen with Alberto VO-5. A rouged and lip-sticked and eye-linered face was drawn under a thick mask of grainy powder. She seemed to have pulled the Lazarus trick on herself, but with less than complete success.

When the person I had been helping left, I leaned on the counter before the old hag of a Christ and smiled coolly.

"Your idiot computer sent me another notice," she said."When are you going to get that cathode-disaster straightened out. It says I still have books out. Well, I don't. And I never, never, never did. Why don't they get rid of some of you sweaty-palmed clerks and hire someone who knows something about programming?"

"What's your name?" I asked. Usually I would take her word that the computer had made an error, but people as rude as this I give a hard time.

"I'm Ida la Christo," she said.

I punched her name into the computer. "It says here that you still have books out that were due three months ago."

"I brought those back."

"Ida," I said, "we don't make mistakes." I was wearing my Samurai suit, the most colorful of my outfits. I wore it when I felt adventurous or exotic. The armor pieces were enameled in purple, red, and orange, and under it I wore a black kimono. The helmet had a broad, protective rim, reminiscent of a gladiator's helmet. Two horn-like wings rose from the crown to give it an eerie, ominous shape. Ida wasn't intimidated.

"What do you mean, you don't make mistakes?" she asked whipping out from her purse a ninth century Viking battle axe which she swung into my shoulder. "You made

"Heretic!" he screams, hitting me over my helmet with a knotted cord, "There's only one Jesus Christ!"

a mistake when you began messing around with me."

I staggered back, yelling-screaming "eeeoowwww." I grabbed the pommel of my samurai sword.

"Don't get smart with me, young man," she said, smashing her battle axe through the protective rim of my helmet. I could feel the axehead stop millimeters from my temple before she yanked it back.

She grabbed one of the wings on my helmet, and although I was able to pull away from the counter, she clung to my helmet. Thus, staggering back, I pulled her over the counter top and into the employee work area. I unsheathed my sword just in time to ward off a blow that would have separated the two hemispheres of my brain.

"Hey, lady," I said, "you can't come back here."

Holding the axe in her two hands, Ida la Christo came sweeping at me. My sword, notched and bent (the damned thing cost me $239.95) finally shattered under the onslaught. I tripped over a computer cord, and Ida was on top of me. She pressed the edge of her axe against my throat.

"Now, let's start over," she said. "Your computer ain't worth a pile of jelly beans, right?"

"Yes, Ida la Christo."

"And you idiots can't program it anyway, right?"

"Yes, Ida la Christo."

"And your computer made a mistake, right?"

"Yes, Ida la Christo."

"And you're going to fix it, right?"

"Yes, Ida la Christo."

"And you're going to apologize for all the misery you've caused me, right?"

"Yes, Ida la Christo."

"Well?"

"I'm so so sorry, Ida la Christo."

"And this is never going to happen to me again, or you know what I'll do to you, right?"

"Yes, Ida la Christo."

Then she put her axe back into her purse.

"Good," she said. "I'm glad we've got that cleared up." She climbed back over the counter and walked out of sight. I was very cordial with all of the other Library patrons for the rest of that week.

#8

A week later so this guy comes in. Says he's James (the Elder). He looks like he could be an apostle, but he doesn't have proper I.D. And he wants a Library card. He's in his thirties and even when he is talking to me, he seems to be distracted. His mind isn't here. I think his mind has been fucked, and now he is fucking around with me for a Library card. But he's a transient. He doesn't have proper I.D.

He insists. He shows me his passport. It says James (the Elder), Apostle. I tell him his passport is fine, but I still need something to confirm where he lives.

"What's the hassle for?" he asks. "I just want to check out a book."

"Sorry," I say. "I can't give you a card unless you have proper I.D."

"Come on, man. Just one book," he pleads, "I gotta read *A Canticle for Leibowitz.*"

"I can't give you a card unless you have proper I.D."

"Look," he says, "I just arrived in California. All I got is my passport. Why do I need anything else?"

So I go through it again, explaining that we need something to verify that he has an address through which we can reach him in case he doesn't return a book.

"Apostles don't keep regular addresses, see? We travel around spreading Gospel, see? Look, I got God coming outa my ears. I'm not going to steal your books."

"I can't give you a card unless you have proper I.D.," I say, lowering the visor of my circa 1390 Milanese war helmet.

"I just want *A Canticle for Leibowitz ...* "

"Not without proper I.D."

"I'm an Apostle. I know Christ, man."

"Yeah, me too."

"Give me a card."

"Not without proper I.D."

"I wanna Library card," he says, his voice trembling and beginning to take on a threatening tone. "Are you going to give me a Library card?"

"Not without proper I.D."

"I was the first apostle Christ chose. Do you know Jesus Christ?"

"Do you have eyes to see? Look around. I wouldn't give any of those JCs a Library card without proper I.D."

"Heretic!" he screams, hitting me over my helmet with a knotted cord, "There's only one Jesus Christ." Before he inhales another breath, I've impaled him on my sword.

Some of the other clerks look at me and I can tell they think I've over-reacted. So I'm having a bad day. Everyone has bad days.

Some jerk says, "I want a Library card."

"Not without proper I.D.," I say, as the Crab drags the spiritless body of James (the Elder) to his cave.

#9

The Madonna wore khaki safari shorts and a V-neck urban warfare blouse. She had nice boobs, and I thought she bent over the counter purposely to show them off. I could tell from the way she dressed and walked that she attended a local college that gave PhDs in coordinating colors and applying mascara.

I felt like an idiot, scurrying about behind the counter in my prim Dutch three-quarter calvary armor—plate from neck to knee with a ruffled collar under my chin—trying to look like I wasn't eyeing her boobs. But I had a natural, vested interest in them. They were the boobs from which the baby Christs would suck.

She didn't have the proper I.D., but I was helpless under her bend. So I gave her a Library card. I asked her if she was expecting a virgin birth.

"Oh no," she said, "I have too much I want to do before I get tied down with a kid."

#10

I wore my parade armour. You know the kind. You have seen it. But if you don't remember the details, I will remind you.

ILLUSTRATION BY DONNA LAMARE

I asked her if she was expecting a virgin birth. "Oh no," she said, "I have too much I want to do before I get tied down with a kid."

The suit is made by Augsberg craftsmen. It is moulded to my body, and moves with me gracefully and precisely. It is so well constructed, its weight so evenly distributed, that one can hardly tell one is wearing 178 pounds of gold, silver and steel.

The suit is etched, moulded, and shaped, inlaid throughout with mother-of-pearl, rubies, sapphires and onyx. The etchings are more than just decorations—they tell a story. Creation begins on the left foot and follows a serpentine path up the left leg. Adam and Eve are banished from the Garden at about the suit's groin. The story continues down the right leg, through Cain and Abel, through the Flood, until, on the right foot, you find the rainbow.

Moulded in the right arm is Abraham, and on the left is Moses, with one of the Ten Commandments etched into each of the fingers. David and Solomon are in the small-of-the-back, surrounded on all sides by the prophets. Isaiah is between the shoulder blades.

The chest is made to look simply like a man's chest, but it is also like one of those gory Catholic statues of Christ pulling his chest away from his heart. That is how the breast plate is shaped, except that it doesn't show Christ opening the chest, it just shows a set of hands spreading the chest opened.

Inside, the heart is bloody, and covered with a crown of thorns and surrounded by roses, all of the old symbology is there.

The helmet is a likeness of a lion's head. The lion roars, and where the mouth gapes—there is my face. The sword, of course, is in the shape of a cross.

Outside they were already gathering. The Christs were waiting to be let in, although it was still over half an hour before opening time. Then we heard him. One of the Christs from outside had snuck into the Library. When we saw him, he was just another transient, a casualty from the acid-reign of the '60s. Another mind-blown Christ. The Crab was downstairs having a break, so this guy started right in.

"I am the Christ," he shouted.

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Pure contour drawing is a common exercise Edwards gives to help young artists experience this shift. For example, a student studies his hand and attempts to draw it without so much as a glance at his paper. Very soon, the sense of time's passing seems to disappear as concentration centers on feeling every ridge of the hand through the pencil on paper. The result? Though initially not realistic, a strange, almost eerie line quality is produced. Edwards says it comes of the cognitive shift to the right hemisphere of the brain, and it is not confined to artists.

Methods to release one's native creativity are as many and as varied as the colors in a Mexican fiesta. To be creative, you draw upon your subconscious, your memories, wits, feelings, ideas. "That's where insight comes from," says John De Heras, a professor who teaches drawing and painting at CSULB. An adherent to Edward's right-brain theory, he feels a scientist or philosopher takes logical steps to prove a theory, but the ultimate creative leap is based upon intuition.

Not that creativity comes easily. According to De Heras, it demands hard work, pain, sweat, persistence and the faith to cope with minor failures and setbacks. De Heras establishes his own discipline, going to his studio as though to punch a time clock. He works at a canvas even when he really doesn't want to be there. If nothing works out, he gets disgusted and sweeps up his studio, rearranges it—does something physical. "As much as I love my work, there are times when I hate it. It is painful," he said. For him, the key is persistence.

De Heras' thoughts on intuition are shared by Dr. James H. Austin, head of the Department of Neurology at the University of Colorado. Austin stated in a ***Futurist Magazine,*** article: "Creativity is like any endeavor. It springs from dynamic interplay among several ingredients: personal lifestyle, people, luck, intuition." Austin believes both scientific and artistic creativity have much in common and that curiosity and imagination are crucial.

Another proffered key to creativity is the floating tank. The tank was developed by John Lilly in the 1950s when he was working with mental patients. He'd been told by colleagues that the mind turned off when all input or stimulation was cut off. Lilly didn't believe it, and devised a way to test his suspicions. Floating in a specially designed tank containing ten inches of water saturated with 800 pounds of epsom salts, kept at body temperature, he found that just the opposite, occurred. Rather than turning off, the mind became more active.

The movie ***Altered States,*** in which an obsessed scientist sought the bare essence of existence, brought deprivation tanks 'out of the closet.'

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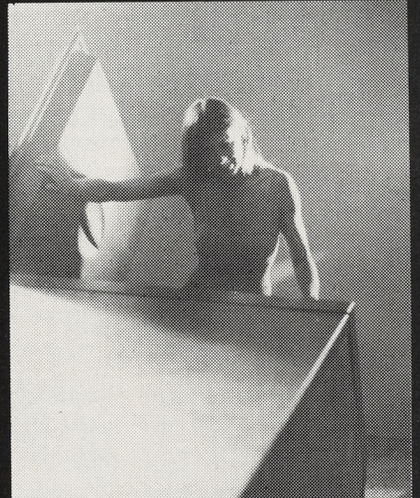

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In reality, they are little more than modified jacuzzis. But as the movie suggested, and William Hurt playing Dr. Eddie Jessup discovered, the tanks provide an environment that can project a person into different levels of consciousness. They offer seclusion, time alone to enhance creative flows. Concentration becomes stronger during a tank trip as the physical sensation of weightlessness relieves pressure from all parts of the body. Floaters, bobbing around like corks in champagne glasses, have been known to experience everything from peaceful mind rest to full blown hallucinations. Some floaters retain a feeling of euphoria which lasts more than a week after the float.

Ready to take the plunge? If not, open your ears and try another key. Lenore Schwanokovsky, a professor teaching music therapy at CSULB, advocates music as a means of releasing creativity. There's more than one technique. One is called "sighted imagery to music" and guides the person into a meditative state that weds sight and sound. It taps into a lot of free and spontaneous functioning of the right brain.

Another method is improvisation. Someone who has never played an instrument can make music, if the right instrument is chosen. Schwanokovsky used the example of a dulcimer, choosing one string for the melody. Someone with no musical training can still start strumming. Instead of reading notes or trying to play a song, let yourself go and create "a kind of free-flowing poetry."

A lot is still unknown about the inner functioning of the mind. And Man's need to tap his creative potential has led him to some questionable boundaries. It is no secret that chemical experimentation and dependencies are common in creative circles.

The list of famous creators with chemical dependencies is finite but long, including the likes of Lord Byron, Ernest Hemingway, Jack London and Edgar Allen Poe. Closer to home, and to popular culture, are Richard Burton, Judy Garland, William Holden and John Belushi—among many others.

John C. Lilly, who claims he is a scientific explorer —nothing more, nothing less—describes his use of LSD in his autobiographical work, ***The Center of the Cyclone***. In the early 1950s he'd had the opportunity to take LSD, but he felt he was not ready, so he read practically everything that was published about acid and acid trips. By the Sixties, he felt ready, and his first two trips were in a controlled environment with a helper who also served as a sitter and guide. Lilly chose a safe protected location to avoid accidental interruption, intervention and gossip among colleagues and friends. He said that, as the LSD began to take effect, there was a sudden enhancement and deepening of all colors and forms; solid objects became transparent, material matter appeared alive. "I started out by looking at a marble-top table and saw the pattern of marble become alive, plastic and moving," said Lilly. "I moved into the pattern and became part of it, living and moving in the pattern."

"I have lived in solitude in the country and noticed how the monotony of a quiet life stimulates the creative mind."

—Albert Einstein

During Lilly's second trip with LSD, he had a near-lethal accident. It led him to the realiziation that we are the sum of all our experiences and that latent bad experiences can trigger self-destructive tendencies. He believes a person should be under the care of a psychologist or psychiatrist while experimenting with LSD.

Professor John De Heras believes you should weigh the risks of taking drugs. During the counter culture of the late 60s, he was sympathetic to drugs as long as they were "mind-expanding." He toyed with the idea of experimenting himself, but abandoned it because there was no driving obsession to do so. "I'm personally so jazzed up with life every day that I don't need drugs," he said, "because I am just filled with ideas that are warped and strange anyway."

Paul Conrad, award winning editorial cartoonist for the Los Angeles ***Times***, replied with an emphatic "no" when asked if he needed drugs to stimulate creativity. "That's the surest way to turn it off as far as I'm concerned," he said. "I've never taken any—quite frankly I'm afraid to."

Christian Soe, a professor of political science at CSULB, believes drugs create illusions of experiencing great thoughts, but upon waking up the taker discovers "it wasn't all that great."

Drugs figure prominently in show business—be it rock concerts, Vegas shows, television sit-coms or major motion pictures. Some believe it stimulates the flow of creative juices, and is not just another "high" that goes with the glamour of stardom. Some actors, directors and writers truly believe that cocaine focuses their thinking more and enables them to work longer hours under the drug.

Tony Orlando, now rehabilitated from a dependence on drugs, explained in a ***Ladies Home Journal*** article how a person in show business can come under the influence. "When you're dragging your tail and a director is yelling 'more energy Tony' that's when you need a little boost. And the entertainer isn't like the

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weary executive, a cup of coffee just won't do."

Alcohol is often considered a drug, but it is a special case, and has long been used as a crutch by the creative. It has been said of the Seventeenth Century Dutch painter Franz Hals that he worked in fits and starts under the inspiration of alcohol. Hals in his cups revealed signs of genius.

Ralph E. Worden, Professor of Psychiatry and Medicine at UCLA, is of a different mind. He believes that while Ernest Hemingway was a fine writer, he could have been better without his heavy use of alcohol. Worden acknowledges the euphoric, stimulating state alcohol can induce, but how much or how long does it take before the body and the communication system are knocked out of kilter? "No one can say for sure exactly what goes on with brain cells that are being bathed in alcohol, but we do know that the person using it quickly builds up a tolerance." This means that it takes increasingly more of a substance to achieve that euphoric feeling, until the user usually develops brain dysfunction. The memory begins to fail, the appetite for alcohol increases, and the perception, judgment and performance suffers. Creativity has been sedated, anesthetized, not stimulated.

Great feats of creative thought, such as Albert Einstein's theory of relativity, are attributed to several factors—among them extraordinary intelligence, altered states of consciousness, and a variety of special thought processes common only to geniuses.

That's very humbling. Enough to discourage most of us. And yet, it was Einstein himself who said: "I know quite certainly that I myself have no special talent. Curiousity, obsession and dogged endurance have brought me my ideas. I have lived in solitude in the country and noticed how the monotony of a quiet life stimulates the creative mind."

The keys to creative thinking, then, are within reach. Slow down, view the world with a child's wonder. Nurture your creativity, have confidence in yourself. Take a walk. More often than not, the ability to see things is missed simply because of the conditioning we've received since childhood stifles our impulse to play.

Psychologist Stewart Emery in his book *Actualization* suggest that we live under the illusion that life lasts forever. It's a false sense of invulnerability. Emery feels we become so involved with daily trivial routines that we lose the essence of what we really want.

Life in the 80's is fast, hectic and difficult to arrest. But give yourself time. Read a book. Play some chess. Spend time alone. If you happen to be a creative artist you will possess, along with talent, the bull-headed perserverance in driving toward a goal that borders upon obsession.

In any case, the key is to relax and play. Enjoy yourself. Create.

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seconds. Weightless, equilibrium is thrown off, disorientation sets in. Suddenly, your body is jerked upward. Directly above is a huge green umbrella, a welcome sight! Using a learned checking procedure, you make sure that the chute is opened and functioning correctly. Relief flows like the blood racing in your veins as everything appears to be in order.

Floating down lasts about five minutes. Using the landing techniques taught in ground school minimizes the chance of a painful impact.

Once back on the ground, there's a feeling as though you were still floating in the air.

—Gary Benoit

DANCE TO A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

Lights dimmed, the throbbing beat of disco music filled in the air as Dennis Landry, the "Unknown Stripper," gyrated across the dance floor. "Take it off, take it off," shouted women who stood on furniture at Chippendale's in West Los Angeles. As they hooted, hollered and screamed, his garments flew across the floor. Landry strutted up to a handsome dowager who was seated nearby and extracted a 20 dollar bill from her decolletage with his teeth.

"I thought it would be a unique twist to reverse the stereotyped roles and let the men perform for the women," said Steve Banerjee, a native of India and owner of Chippendale's. He opened Chippendale's with his idea of the male exotic dancer in 1978. Banerjee said that if he'd had any idea that women would line up four hours in advance to see a one-hour show, he would have begun much sooner.

Chippendale's "Male Exotic Dance Night" has been a revolutionary dimension in disco entertainment and in the liberation of women. Wednesday through Sunday nights a cast of macho dancers produce a sensational show for ladies only. The hosts are part of the atmosphere. Dressed in the "bare tux," which is no more than black trousers, a white shirt collar with a black bow tie and cuffs, they control the crowd and serve the cocktails. The doors open at 6:30 p.m. and the show begins at 8:30 p.m. The cost of admission is $8. Chippendale's is located at 3739 Overland Avenue, West Los Angeles, near Culver City. Phone (213) 202-8850.

Sunshine Music & Spirits Co. in Long Beach also features an all male review Monday through Saturday nights at 8 p.m. Carl, a Playgirl centerfold model and featured as 1982 "best of Playgirl," dressed only in his caveman loincloth and matching cuffs kissed the ladies who kneeled

around the dance floor with dollar bills stuck in their pockets or necklines.

George Stinson, manager of Sunshine, said the requirements for male dancers are to be able to dance and to own three to four costumes. Also, the dancers have to change into street clothes and dance with the ladies all night. Sunshine, which is a much larger establishment than Chippendale's and seats 150 to 200 ladies. Stinson said the club is packed on weekends. Sunshine Music & Spirits Co. is located at 3321 E. South Street in Long Beach at the corner of South St. and Downey Avenue. Phone (213) 634-6960.

—Hazel Matthews

FANTASY IN MASK AND FINS

When you submerge into the golden-green water for the first time, you are so entranced that you momentarily forget to breathe. Fighting the rising fear of being "out of your element," you force yourself to inhale, then exhale; the familiar sound of your own breathing calms you in the cold silence.

Unafraid, fish swim right up to your face plate on your mask to get a better look, then just casually go about their business. Sand dabs, disturbed by the movement of your fins, flit across the sandy carpet beneath you. Above, party-colored schools of fish veil the sun's already diffused light.

You are nearly weightless. Your movements, unlike those of the darting denizens around you, are slowed by the water's resistance—yet the slightest flick of your fins suffices to propel you through these watery environs. You have entered another realm, the closest we creatures of the land will probably ever come to an alien environment.

Diving shops and schools are located up and down California's coast and in many inland cities. The course for a neophyte diver proceeds from text and films through snorkeling practice and diving in the safety of an enclosed pool. But practice, no matter how realistic the experience, is not like an ocean dive and the first such excursion should be carefully monitored by an instructor.

Most dive shops prefer that the student buy his own scuba gear—mask, fins, snorkel, boots and gloves—and they will supply the rest at reduced rental rates while you are enrolled in the class. A wet suit is a recommended, but not essential, extra for diving in colder waters and during the winter months. The basic gear costs about $80 to $100 and lessons will run another $150 to$250. After certification, the lucky California diver has access to a myriad of undersea ecologies.

—Laura Lang

QS-242

or

How I Learned to Stop Procrastinating And Love the Computer

by Maureen O'Haren

I think I was the only art major in the whole computer room. I'd never been so close to a computer before and I felt a little strange. All around me rows and rows of heads were bent over keyboards and fingers were poking and pecking at plastic keys. Once in a while someone would look up and stare fixedly at the television-like screen before him. But no one said much. The only noises were the manic clicking of keys and the high-pitched buzz of the printers as they printed the programs and then spat them out on long white tongues of that paper with the holes along both sides.

I sat in front of my slick modular terminal (everything is ultra-modern in the computer center; even the bathroom says "UNISEX" on the door) and wondered what I should do first. I rearranged the papers I had written my program on, pretending it was necessary and thinking that I should have dropped the class. I stared down at my keyboard then up at the CRT (Cathode Ray Tube) where, in one corner, a small white rectangle flashed threateningly. Then I got up and went to beg for help.

I suppose I should explain how I got into a computer class in the first place. Well, it had a lot to do with my dad. He would have liked it a lot better if I had majored in computer science rather than art. He was always telling me I ought to take a computer class "to have something to fall back on." He works with a payroll computer at National Semiconductor—what could be worse? I put it off and put it off, saying I had no time for a computer class, until I got tired of working as scab-labor at minimum wage. I wanted something more lucrative. So cheered on by my dad and the idea of making 40 dollars an hour, I enrolled in QS-242:COBOL programming.

Besides, I reasoned, computers are everywhere. They've spread from that dull business world into neat things like medicine, publications, design—even art. Computer graphics could make regular old artists obsolete. So I thought I'd get a jump on everyone else and find out what I could get one of these circuit-brains to do. I figured programming couldn't be that hard if little kids were doing it on home computers. They'd soon be making piles of money as door to door programmers. All I ever got to do was babysit.

I'm always one for a good fad anyways. I was into tennis when it first became big, I got anorexia when that was fashionable, started running when the running boom hit, and now I'm doing triathlons. Actually, I was a little late getting into computers.

But there I was in the computer room, ready to run my first program. I had just come from the swimming pool and had on my red Speedo swimsuit, some black Dolphin shorts and my New Balance 660 running shoes. With wet, scraggly hair, goggle-lines around my eyes and a half-eaten banana in my hand, I attracted a few stares. Everyone else seemed to belong there. They weren't wearing white coats and running around with clipboards or anything, but they looked like they knew what they were doing. They all had these real deep serious expressions on their faces. Most of the guys had on the typical

ILLUSTRATION BY ELIZABETH HUNTER

jeans-and-shirt outfit and the girls wore nice pants, but a few were more dressed up. (I figured the dressy ones to be business majors; business majors always look professional.) But not a slob among them. I really was out of place.

I also didn't know what the heck I was doing. I went to the front desk and asked for help. The girl in charge looked at me with one of those "Another-dumb-blonde"smirks. (My hair is actually sunstreaked brown, but turns blonde in situations like this.) She followed me to the terminal and showed me how to LOG-IN. Logging in means telling the computer who you are so it knows where to put all the stuff you type in. Everyone taking a computer class has a file and is given a USER NAME and a PASSWORD to get access to that file. The names and passwords are idiotic clumps of letters like JCBT-PAE or AERLRNM that only a computer can make sense of.

The computer on campus is called Cyber. Cyber is rather polite. When I type in my class number, it replies, "Welcome to Cyber-750 Timesharing. Please press RETURN a few times after the start message." If you blow it, Cyber responds, "ILLEGAL PARAMETER" which most likely means that you made a typo in a command.

I always pictured Cyber to be a massive metal mind buried deep in Hardfact Hill with nerve-like tentacles reaching all over campus, collecting input from every terminal. I couldn't imagine how it could listen and talk to so many people at once, just like God. Then I realized that everything Cyber did or said was rote, just like a priest saying Mass every Sunday, and it didn't seem so awesome.

Sometimes Cyber goes down. ("Down" is computerese for kaput.) Everything stops. You can't type anything in and the computer won't respond. That small white rectangle just flashes at you. Everyone groans and swears and runs to the consulting desk to ask how long before Cyber will be up again. It is a mess when Cyber is down, but I don't blame it.There's only so much a machine can take.

Once when Cyber went down, I heard someone say that the computer was fed a bad disk.This changed my image of Cyber from a hidden mind to something like a caged animal in need of regularly scheduled feedings.

When the computer is up, things run smoothly. Programming is not hard; you just have to learn the language. BASIC (Beginner's All-purpose Symbolic Instruction Code), from what I have seen, is very much that—basic; do this, do that, and it's done. FORTRAN (FORmula TRANslation) is more mathematical. COBOL (COmmon Business Oriented Language) is the most lengthy and complex. There are certain words and phrases that, although they mean nothing to me, must be fed into the computer in the proper order for anything to get done at all. You have to start off with IDENTIFICATION DIVISION and then PROGRAM-ID, where you input the program name. Then there's ENVIRONMENT DIVISION, DATA DIVISION and PROCEDURE DIVISION, each requiring special sentences. If you don't get it all in, nothing works.

One missing hypen can mean an error message of fifty lines. The computer recognizes only the key words in its vocabulary and the rest have to be hyphenated.

Once you've got the four divisions down in the right order, it's just a matter of simple logic and, more importantly, hyphens and periods. Punctuation will zap you every time in COBOL. One missing hyphen can mean an error message of fifty lines—I'm not kidding. The computer recognizes only the key words in its vocabulary and the rest have to be hyphenated.

The hyphenated words are labels for files of data and can be anything from Payroll-Report-File to How-Blue-Is-The-Sky or I-Hate-Computers. It just has to be one continuous clump of letters. Cyber will accept almost anything. You simply have to be consistent; your I-Hate-Computers-Input has to go to your I-Hate-Computers-Output. I learned to circumvent the entire hyphen-problem by abbreviation; thus, I-Hate-Computers-Input becomes, in my program, IHCI—and I save time typing too.

The periods are easy. You put them in at the end of each sentence. But you can't forget them. And you have to know where the sentence ends. If you don't put in a period where one belongs, the computer gets confused and you get more error messages.

Computers are very simple-minded, really. They read things according to certain rules and can't understand any deviations. For example, if someone typed in SKOOL IS BOARING, you and I would understand what he meant but a computer wouldn't. Even if the computer had the words BORING, IS, and SCHOOL in its vocabulary, it still couldn't read the line because of the misspellings. Computers just aren't perceptive.

But back to my first program. I typed it all in, then tried to run it, calling for TDATA1, the data we were supposed to use. The computer said DATA NOT FOUND. I insisted it was in there somewhere, but Cyber would not look. I even got the smirky girl to help me. She typed in all sorts of funny clumps of letters, numbers and even commas. I don't know where she learned it all or how she remembered it. Maybe she was just making it up. Anyways, none of her mumbo-jumbo worked. The computer kept saying "DATA NOT FOUND" or "NO

RECORD AT 00012100," and "ILLEGAL CONTROL CARD." I had to give up. My first day ended in failure.

The next day in class the instructor told me that I hadn't put in his password, so the computer didn't know what the data was. That's the trouble with these big, complex things. There's so much in them they can't find anything. I mean, if I've got a banana in my backpack, I can always find it.

Well, I went back to the computer room a couple of days later and tried again. I had to retype the program because everything was in the wrong column (columns are another picky thing about COBOL) and I hadn't found out about the importance of hyphens yet. When I got it all right—I mean, when the computer didn't give me any more error messages—I tried to run it. I typed in the commands: COBOL5, I = COBL3, B = BCOBL3, L=O...BCOBI3, but the computer just sat there. I figured it was thinking about the whole thing and getting up enough energy to spit it all out. I waited a while. Suddenly it started printing out line after line, just as I had designed it in my program. What power and satisfaction I felt!

But when I pulled the program from the printer, I got a bit of a surprise. Instead of four neat vertical columns of data like they showed in the book, my columns ran in a diagonal. There wasn't much I could do; the program was due in ten minutes. I didn't have the time to run it again. I hoped my instructor would find the program and let me turn it in late, since I had done a lot of work. I took the program to class and asked my instructor what I did wrong.

"That's beautiful!" he said

"You mean it's okay?" I was surprised. I couldn't imagine my dad turning in a diagonal payroll report.

"Sure!" my instructor said, putting my program on top of the rest.

I went back to my desk and sat down. I shrugged. What else could he expect from an art major?

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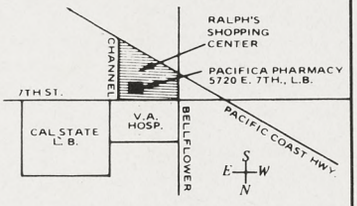

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BLOOD, NAILS
continued from page 35

Big deal, I thought. But he looked the part. He looked more like the Hollywood Jesus the Christs than the other losers did. He had long blond hair and blue eyes, classic stuff, and he was yelling: "I am the Christ, I am the Christ."

His eyes looked crazy, just as I suppose they did when he drove the money lenders out of the temple.

"I am the Christ. I am the Christ."

The other clerks were getting annoyed. People weren't supposed to talk loudly in the Library, even if it was closed, and this guy was yelling: "I am the Christ. I am the Christ."

Outside, the other Jesus Christs were getting uneasy, too. One woman said, "You're the Christ. I'm the Christ. We're all the Christ. Christ! So what?"

But the guy was getting out of hand. The other clerks and I decided to shut him up. There was a cross in the workroom, and two of the clerks went to get it while the rest of us clobbered the yelling Jesus the Christ.

He fought like a wounded lion. It took all five of us to get him down and keep him down, and then to get the cross under him. He was still yelling: "I am the Christ. I am the Christ."

I used nearly an entire roll of electrician's tape wrapping his wrists to the cross beam. I was the one with the most experience at this, so they gave me the nails. I told them to hold him steady, because then I could pound the nails through his palms in just one stroke, but it took another five blows to secure the nail in the wood. The first skin-piercing blow hurt the most. (It's most humane to pierce the hand through in as few strokes as possible.)

The second palm was easier than the first had been, but the feet, as usual, were the pits. He was muttering: "I am the Christ. I am the Christ." But that was okay with us, as long as he was quiet.

He howled when we raised up the cross. I had my lance handy, so I thrust it into his side. For effect.

"Now you're the Christ," I said. He smiled.

"Will you make me a little sign saying I'm the King of the Jews?" he asked me.

"No, I've got to get back to work," I said.

"What about a crown of thorns?"

"No. Really. We open soon. I've got to get back to work."

"Oh come on. I didn't get a mock trial, or a lashing either. I didn't even get a chance to sweat blood."

"That's just too bad," I said, "If you want to sweat blood, do it now."

The clerks joked about throwing lots of the guy's clothes, but no one really wanted them because they smelled too bad and looked greasy.

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We called the janitor, who grumbled a little when he saw the mess—blood, nails, splinters. But, hey, the guy was happy.

I was feeling just a bit down. I was hoping the other clerks would notice my armor. They did—I'm not complaining. They smiled. They joked. For a few moments I felt that I was the focus of attention. This is the real me, I tried to say. They said my suit was handsome, that it was nice, it was shiny, it brightened the place up. One of them joked that it was too bad it wasn't solid gold, because then it would really be worth something.

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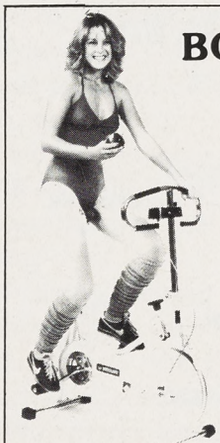
"See?" I said. They could see if they looked. "See this blood? It's from the thorns. I'm wearing thorns under this."

They looked. They smiled. They went back to work.

Then the Crab opened the Library doors and the Christs began streaming in. Maybe I could pry my gauntlets off and show them the holes in my palms. Maybe they would show me theirs.



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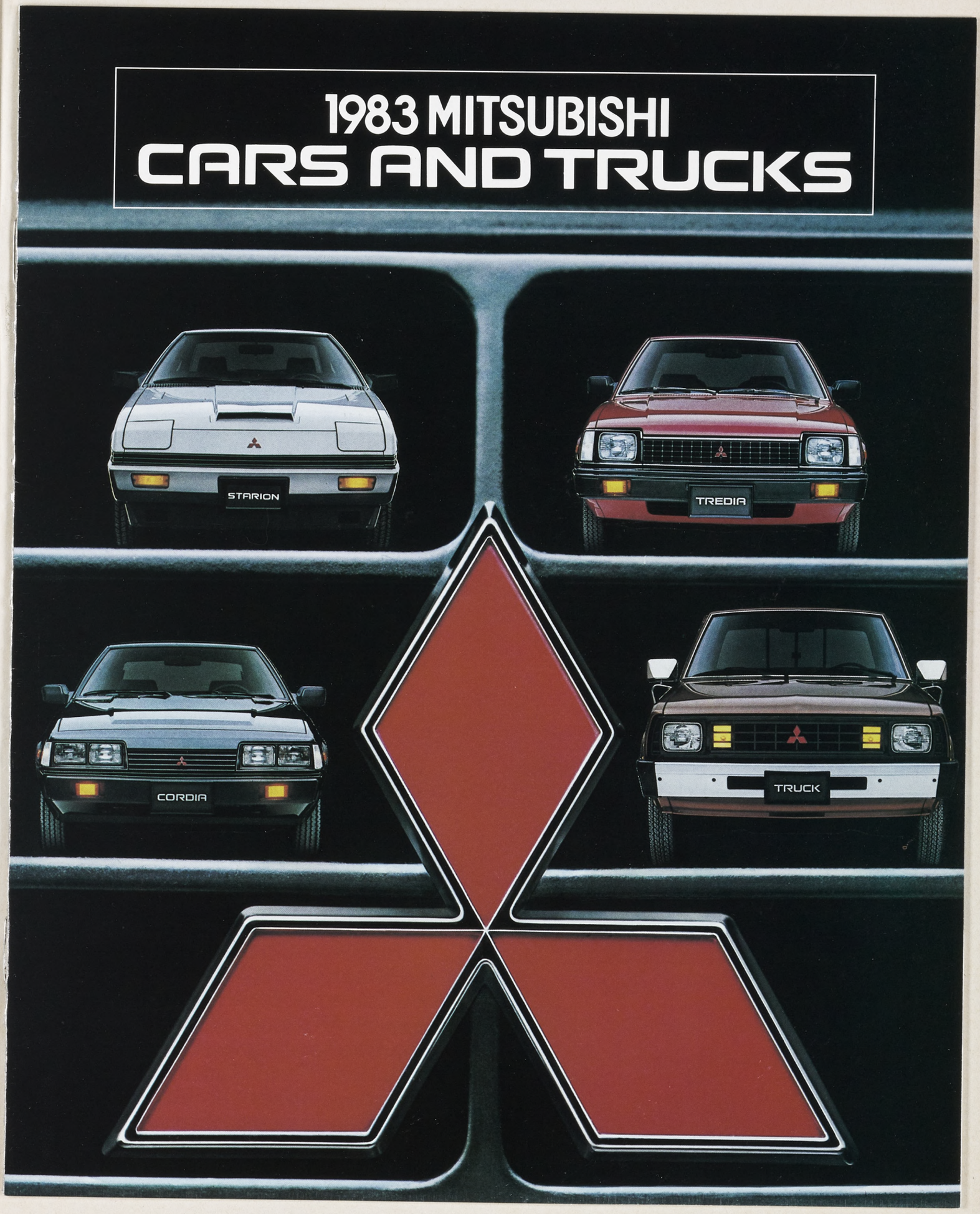
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Our company is known around the world for its achievements.

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ment and application of the fuel-efficient MCA-Jet engine*; Dual Engine Stabilizers, the ELC Automatic and 4+4 Transmission plus highly-refined, aerodynamic, flush-fitted bodies; and a level of comfort you must experience to appreciate.

We're shaping tomorrow, with the world's first turbo diesel small pickup, and Starion, the most exciting new member of our world family of turbo-charged cars.

Experience the automotive achievements that have made the name Mitsubishi synonymous with engineering excellence in over 135 countries around the world.

*See EPA mileage statement on features page.
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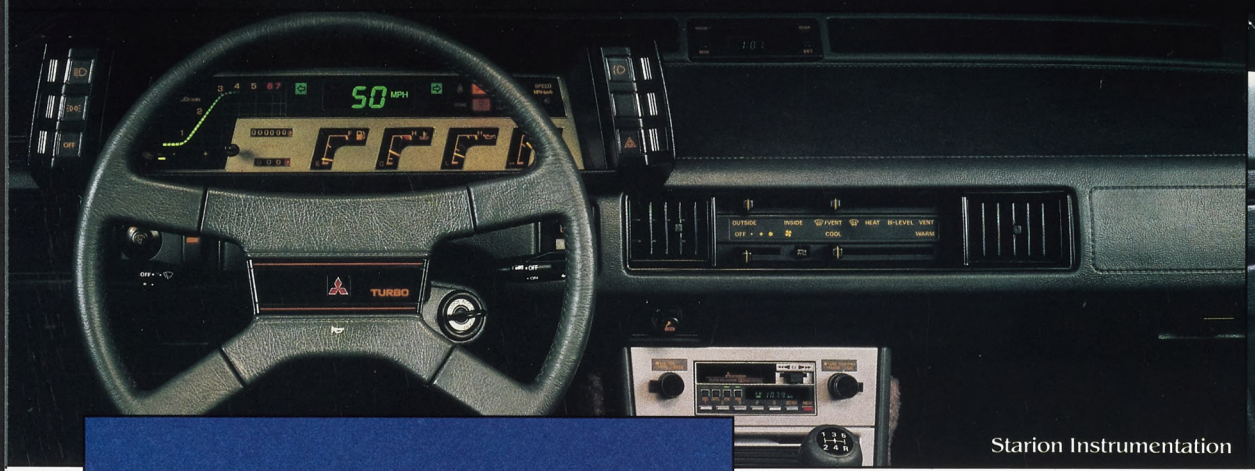
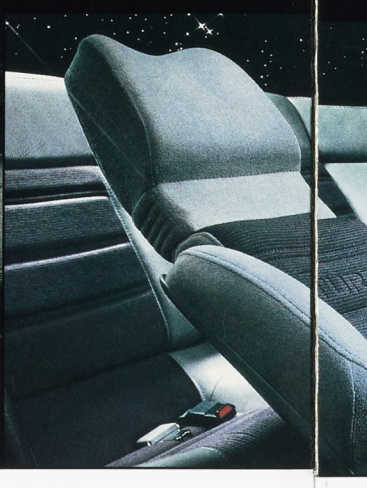


Starion Instrumentation



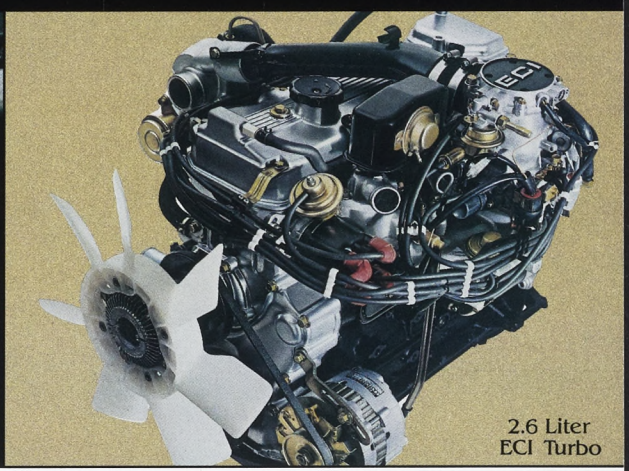
Starion: Genius pays off.

You can sense it. Power. Performance. Control. And it's confirmed the instant the 2.6 liter, ECI fuel-injected, turbo-muscled engine blasts off.

This is no ordinary sportscar. This is Starion and Starion LS (Luxury Sport). Wind tunnel tested, test track proven.

Starion

Starion LS interior



2.6 Liter
ECI Turbo

Honed to perfection.

Inside, there's a dimension of comfort few luxury cars can match. Air conditioning, 8-speaker AM/FM stereo with cassette, power windows, variable intermittent wipers, digital quartz clock, an advanced dual bi-level ventilation/heating system, six-way adjustable lumbar-support Turbo Sport seats and more, all standard in Starion LS. Plus options like plush leather upholstery, sunroof, cruise control and two-tone paint.

There is nothing ordinary about Starion. It's a sportscar touched with genius.

Shown with optional equipment.

Cordia L & LS

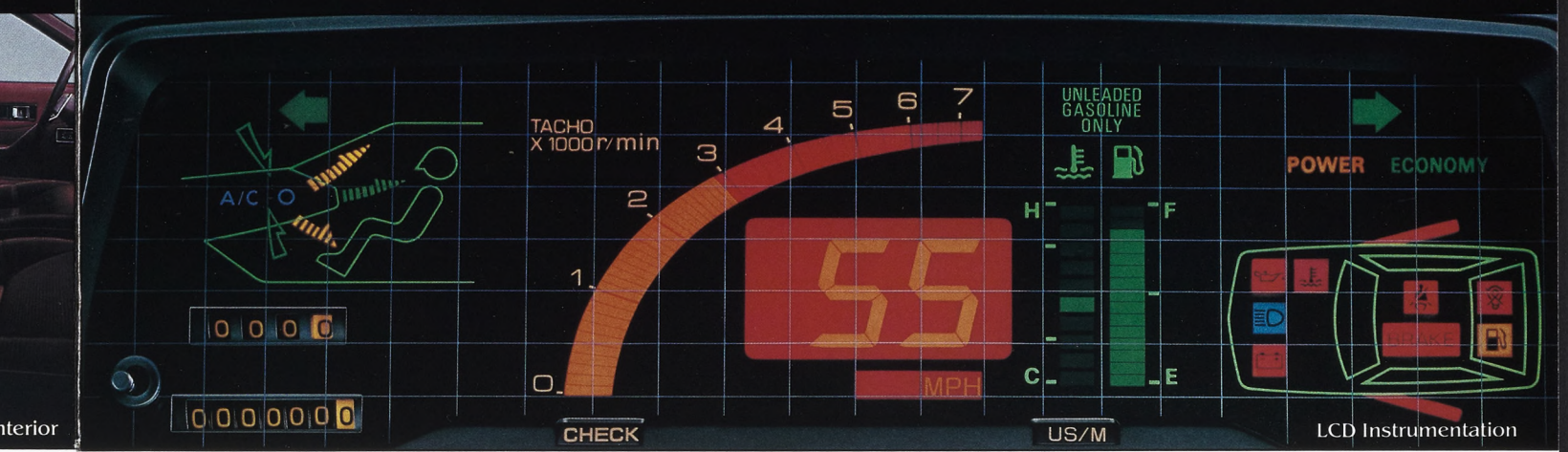
Cordia LS interior

Cordia: The elements of success.

To create a sports coupe as electrifying as Cordia, we had to push to the edge of automotive technology.

The results are three aerodynamically sleek, technologically advanced personal luxury machines... Cordia, Cordia L (Luxury) and Cordia LS (Luxury Sport).

Cordia LS



LCD Instrumentation

The 1.8 liter MCA-Jet engine produces sheer exhilaration—but minimal engine vibration, due to Mitsubishi Motors' patented Dual Engine Stabilizers.

Cordia LS also shines when it comes to its plush interior which features the world's first Liquid Crystal Display instrument panel.

These, and Cordia's fully independent suspension, 4+4 Transmission (L & LS), and wind-cheating aerodynamics are what makes Cordia a truly electrifying sports coupe.

Shown with optional equipment.

Tredia L & LS

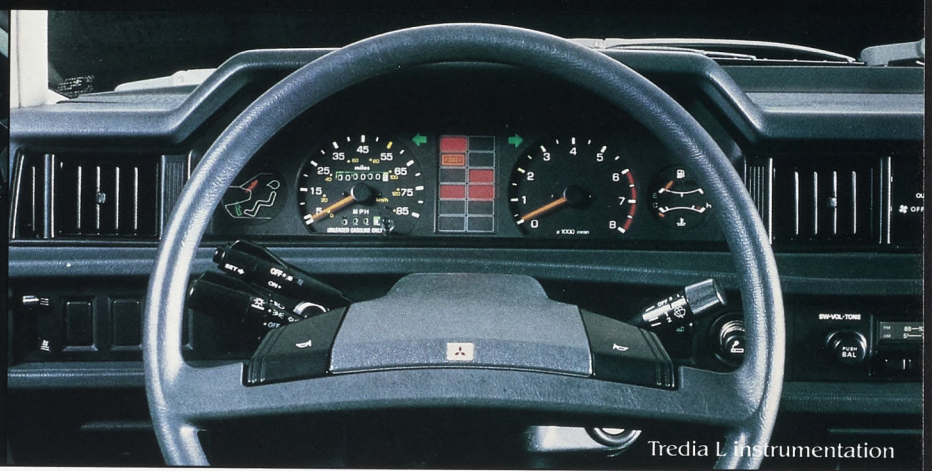
Tredia conquers time and space.

Tredia opens up two new dimensions in sedan technology. One of responsiveness and performance. And one of room and comfort.

Time is conserved and acceleration is boosted through a unique propulsion system—the 1.8 litre MCA-Jet engine, designed

Tredia LS

Tredia LS interior



Tredia L instrumentation

to pull maximum efficiency out of every ounce of fuel.*

Space is saved throughout Tredia. In front, through the transversely-mounted front-wheel drive engine. An advanced rear U-shaped suspension gives the body-contoured seats breathing room and your legs stretching room. And there's no driveshaft tunnel to crowd you, so Tredia has room enough for five.

In the universe of performance sedans, rarely has one mastered time and space so thoroughly as the new Mitsubishi Tredia.

*See EPA mileage statement on features page.
Note: Tredia 5-speed not available in California.
Shown with optional equipment.

Turbo Diesel Dash Instrumentation

The first turbo diesel pickup.

The achievement of the year is here: America's first turbo diesel pickups. And only Mitsubishi Motors builds them.

These two-wheel and four-wheel drive trucks give you all the practical advantages of a diesel: great fuel economy,* low maintenance and long range.

SP Turbo Diesel

SP interior

2.3 Liter
Turbo Diesel

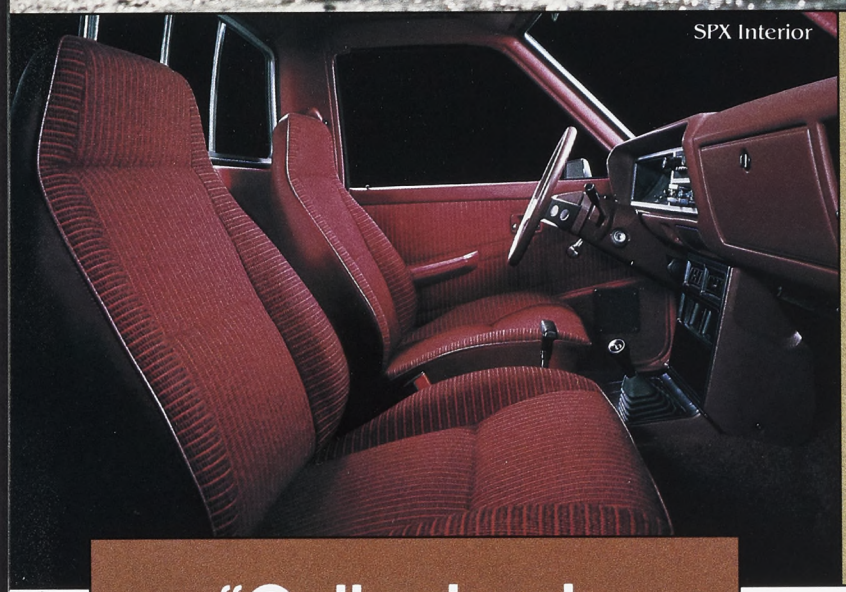
Plus all the performance advantages of a turbo: swift acceleration and ready power.

Nor is slow starting in cold weather a problem…Quick Glow Plugs start your engine in about 1.3 seconds at 32° F.

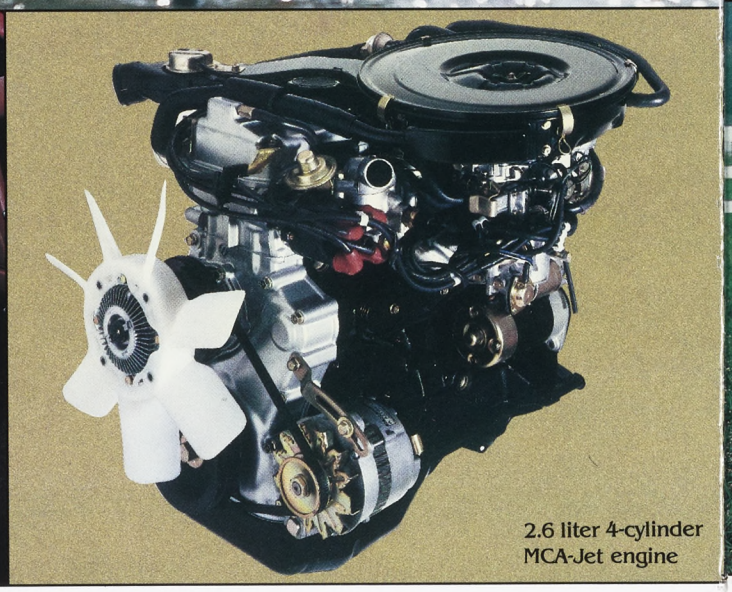
Add to this an 18-gallon tank that's the biggest in its standard bed class, a 5-speed manual transmission; wide 'A' front independent suspension (4WD) and you've got a turbo diesel that could make every other diesel pickup obsolete.

*See EPA mileage statement on features page.
Shown with optional equipment.

SPX 4WD with Off-Road Package.



SPX Interior



2.6 liter 4-cylinder
MCA-Jet engine

"Quite simply the absolute best trucks in the business"

**John Baker,
two-time Baja 1000 racing champion.**

What does it take to achieve this kind of rave review? Simple. A line of eight trucks built like no others.

Take the Mitsubishi Motors' 4WD's. They feature automatic transmissions†, and wide 'A' independent front suspensions that use torsion bars designed for

SPX 4WD & S

Mighty Max

extra traction and resistance to sideways stress.

Or the 2.6 liter gas engine in the SP and SPX models that's the largest for an imported truck in its class. Nothing on or off the road can touch it.

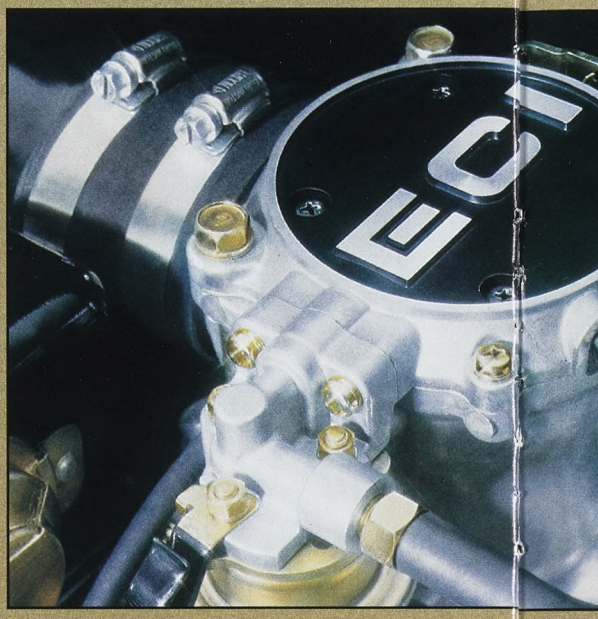
Then there's the Mighty Max and S models with a 2.0 liter engine. Both offer the biggest payload in their class—1,630 pounds.

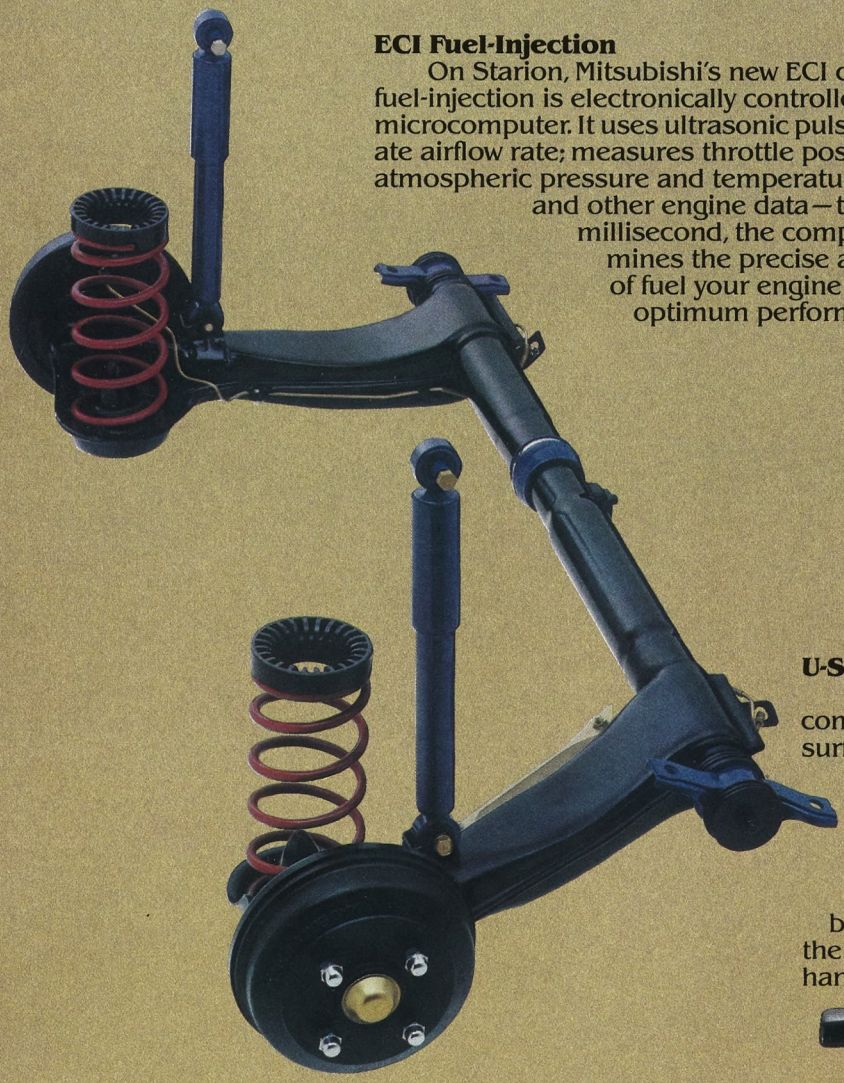
If all this leads you to believe that Mitsubishi Motors makes the best trucks, we'd say you're in good company.

Shown with optional and dealer accessory equipment.
See features page.
†Available on SPX model.

ECI Fuel-Injection

On Starion, Mitsubishi's new ECI digital fuel-injection is electronically controlled by a microcomputer. It uses ultrasonic pulses to evaluate airflow rate; measures throttle positions, atmospheric pressure and temperature, speed and other engine data—then in a millisecond, the computer determines the precise amount of fuel your engine needs for optimum performance.





U-Shaped Suspension

Cordia and Tredia's rear U-shaped suspension comes with negative camber that puts maximum tire surface on the road for a smooth, comfortable ride.

Aerodynamics

Cordia's arrow front cuts through the wind with a minimal drag coefficient of only 0.34. The entire body is ultra-streamlined, tapered like a wedge. Even the drip channels are concealed, and the door handles recessed to reduce wind noise and air turbulence.

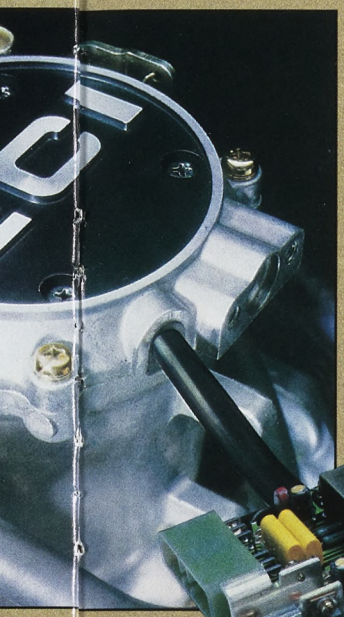
ELC Automatic Transmission

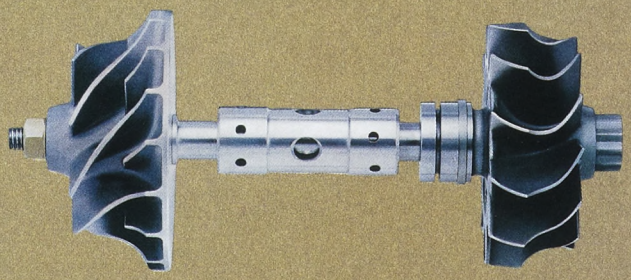
Unlike conventional automatic transmissions, Mitsubishi's ELC Electronic Control automatic with its damper clutch feature can save you fuel* at speeds as low as 12 miles per hour. Available on Cordia L, Cordia LS, Tredia L and Tredia LS.

An inside look at genius.

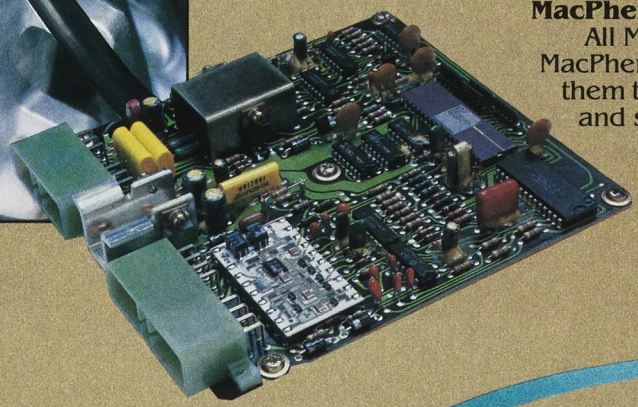
This is a look at some of the ingenious engineering that goes into our Mitsubishi cars and trucks. The same commitment to quality can also be found in our Triple Diamond Service.

Your Mitsubishi Motors Service Technician is factory trained to know your Mitsubishi car and

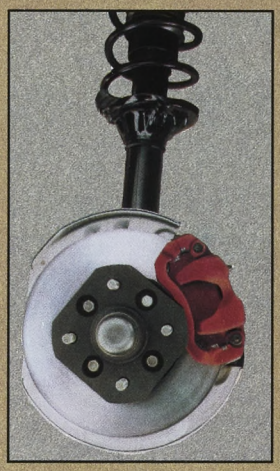


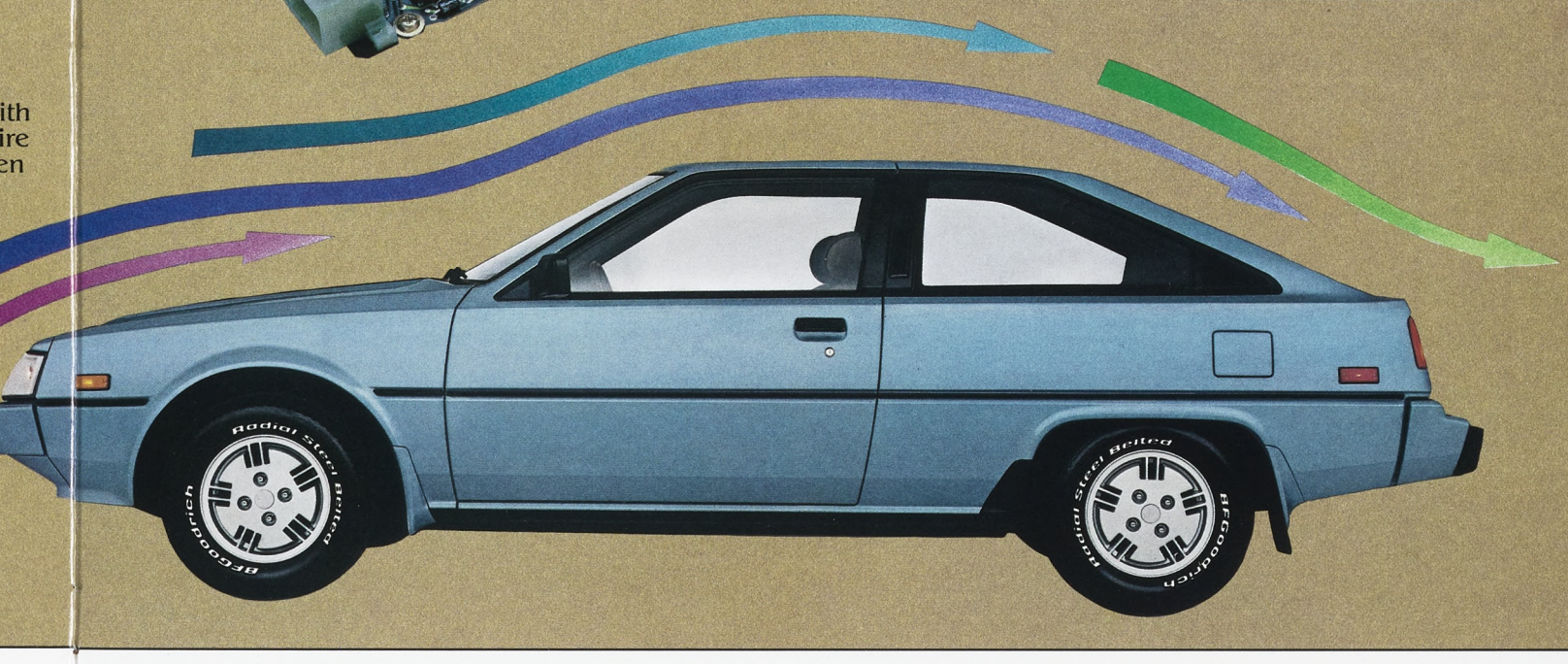


Turbine Impeller
Mitsubishi Motors' turbo engines are built around one of the world's smallest turbine impellers. It's designed and cast from an especially strong and lightweight alloy to help provide rapid response and turbo performance at engine speeds as low as 2,000 rpm.



MacPherson Front Strut Suspension
All Mitsubishi cars incorporate MacPherson struts in the front, giving them true sportscar handling and stability.





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* 1983 EPA estimated mileage figures not available at time of printing. Consult your Mitsubishi Motors Dealer for individual model EPA figures. Compare this estimate to "Estimated MPG" of other cars. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length.

Technical data and equipment shown in catalog are based on the latest available information at time of publication and subject to change without notice. Some vehicles shown with optional equipment. For further information on options and accessories, contact your Mitsubishi Motors Dealer. Availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features may vary.

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BLOOD, NAILS
continued from page 35

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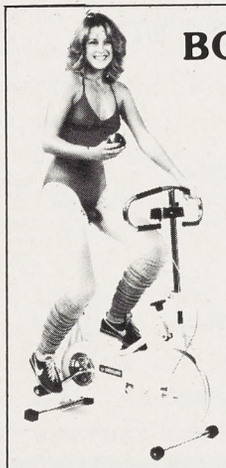

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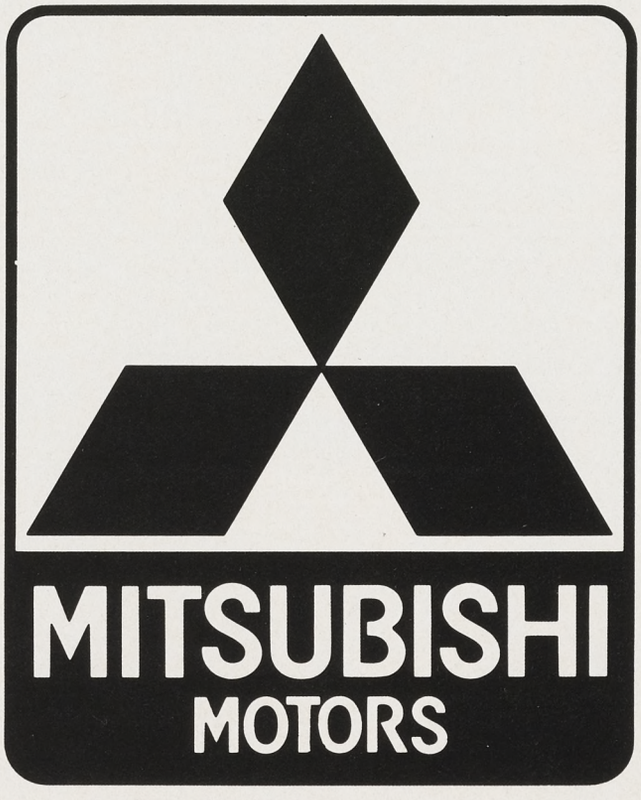

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